

OFF THE WALL

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

JUN - 8 1976

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VIEWS

VOL. 6



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OFF THE WALL is a monthly publication. It is printed with permission of the Administration of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary and the opinions expressed are not necessarily "SHARED" by the Administration.

It is devoted to the interests and activities of the men in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary, and it has two objectives: 1) to give us a source of information and facts, and 2) to provide a form of communication and representation for us - the cons. We would appreciate any suggestions, criticisms, cartoons, and information of value to the convict population, for our next issue.

OFF THE WALL 1976

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INDEX

EDITORIAL

Street Corner Justice 2
Now, The Good News 28

POETRY

The White Man and His Bible 5
Hey Man, You Can't Do That 15
Junkie's Child 16

SATIRE

The Sting 7
The Pig and the Cop 14
The Queens Plate 31
On The Spot Interview 32

SPORTS

Sports, by Max 8
What Sports Mean, Smith 12
Sports Banquet 13

FICTION

Back Alley Lord 33
Making Out 42
Phrophecy is Born 47

FEATURES

Crassword 41
Horoscope 38

ARTICLES

Mandatory Parole 53
Recidivism 44

WEEKLY NEWS.....17, 20, 23, 26

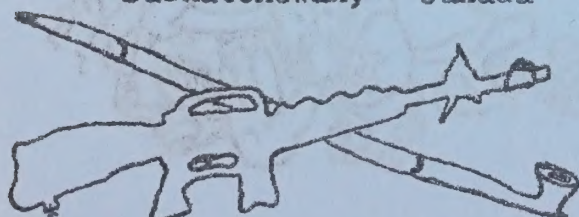
JOINT STATISTICS APRIL 1976

Number of convicts on the count...4953
Current highest number..... 496
Paroles released during the month... 14
Transferred to the Farm Annex..... 5
Transferred to other institutions.... 27
Cons admitted during March..... 38

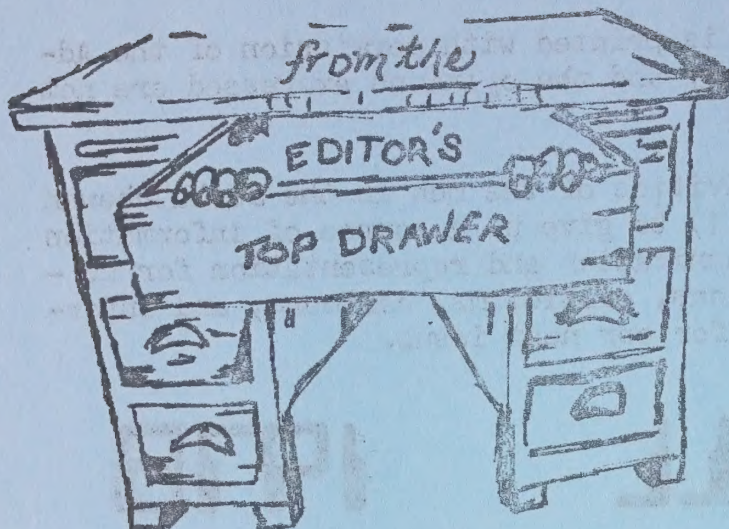
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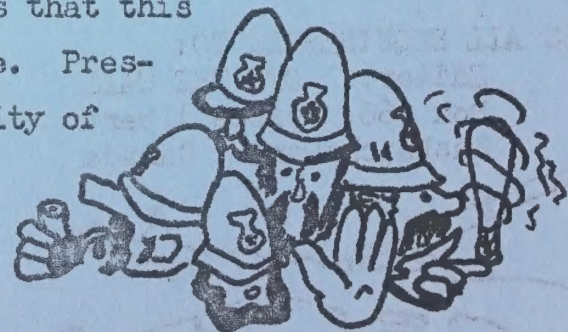
EDITORIAL: STREET CORNER JUSTICE

PAPER ON THE PROPOSED
"PEACE AND SECURITY
PROGRAM".

I have been following the literature on the proposed "Peace and Security Program." I cannot help but marvel at the total lack

of foresight that it embodies. I am of the opinion, that in all likelihood, a great deal of money has been spent prior to this Bill being put before the house, on research as to the probable outcome of the measures, were they to be enacted. Further, it would appear to me, that the parties responsible neglected to ascertain the effects that these laws might have on those that they most affect, that is the criminals. I am suprized that no one took the time, in a matter as important as this, to see what the long - range results might be. I would like to address myself to some of the consequences of the proposed actions and bring to your attention certain attitudes that might develope, were these measures to be implemented in their present form. I believe that this Bill entitled, "The Criminal Law Amendment Act (1) and (2), 1976, may be responsible for causing some of the very things that it tries to ward off. Thus, doing the actual damage that it is designed to control.

I would speak strongest towards the increased penalties for the possession of pistols and guns, and the use of such weapons during a crime. Simple mathematics indicates that this is an unwise direction for the law to take. Presently, a criminal faced with the possibility of arrest with a gun of some sort will give up when cornered because the penalty for possession of a weapon



continued on the next page -

is much less than for either killing or wounding a police officer. The person in question would likely receive a year or two for possession of a restricted weapon, or, in an extreme case he may face as much as five or six years, but even so, this is a great deal less than the ten or more years he would receive for shooting the police officer, or the life sentence for murder. As long as the situation continues to exist it is more likely that the person will give up the weapon rather than face a shoot-out and murder - rap. With the imposition of the mandatory one-to-fourteen for the possession of the weapon, the emphasis of the courts towards heavier sentences for violent crimes, and the possibility of thirty or forty year sentences for armed robbery there surely will be a trend towards increased efforts at getting away. If the death penalty was removed a person would not be eligible for parole for twenty-five years for slaying a policeman. If he were to build up an aggregate sentence of forty years for armed robbery and possession of a gun, he would also have to serve twenty-five of twenty-six years, because parole restrictions would make it very difficult for a man convicted of a violent crime to obtain parole. With this reasoning he is no further behind to hold court on the street. If he is in his, late twenties or early thirties there is a chance that he will not live long enough to be free again. Even if he is paroled it will be after he is too old for life to be worth much in his mind and so the decision will be to 'shoot it out' and hope to get away. Tougher laws are foolish and childish as a deterrent. After all, when a person goes out to commit a crime, he does not expect to get caught in the first place. A man would not go out to rob a bank if he were planning on getting caught. The person expects to get away with the crime and therefore, the punishment is only a form of harsh retribution.

In general, the new laws will only serve as a strong punishment for those caught. Rehabilitation is possible, though, not under such laws as are proposed. With advances in behavior science answers may be found that will help in rehabilitation. At this time our knowledge is very small and it now appears that the government is prepared to institute extreme punishment instead of the more costly, more time consuming search for a method of returning those that commit felonies to society as useful citizens. In the long run, the cost will be much greater for the government to institute the present proposed programs than it will for them to spend more now but less in the future to find better answers. The present situation will escalate and will result in the constant necessity of forever building more prisons to house the back-log of convicts. To imprison me for crimes does not solve the situation, but merely hides it. There also appears to be a move to hide it better. The idea of smaller prisons with more security reflects the Government's distaste for being constantly reminded of its previous failures. The situation in prisons is constantly being brought to the public's attention in news broadcasts of escapes, hostage-taking

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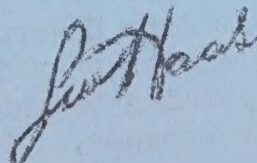
and other disturbances. If these problems were not always spotlighted, then the prisons would be out of sight; out of the sight of the public and consequently out of the public's mind.

I think that it is time to formulate a few of the alternate courses which are available, and in my belief, wiser. The main emphasis should not be on punishment, for surely if this was the cure, most of the criminals and almost all former ones of the past would be corrected. Regretfully, when a man is brutalized, he becomes brutal. In many cases it is the present system that is primarily responsible for the violence on the streets. By this I mean, that when a youth is first placed in a correction home, it is not usually for violent crimes; rather, it is later, after he has been through the mill of young offenders homes and reformatories and then provincial jails that he becomes more violent. He is hardened, he will rebel in his limited way. Society suffers the consequences of its own antiquated system. It should then not feel sorry for itself.

Now assuredly, the worst way to attempt to counter-react this previous bad, is through yet more brutalization. It has not worked, and it WILL NOT WORK. With the technology that we have there must be a better way. It is my understanding, and it is, verified in gnomonic wisdom (honey attracts more flies than does vinegar) that kindness is more likely to beget kindness than a kick in the teeth, not that I am suggesting that criminals are flies.

I have heard some say that they would rather hang than to have to serve the rest of their life in jail. When a person is faced the alternative of spending his life in prison, I feel sure that he will resort to anything to get away if only to postpone the inevitable. He will not likely think of the total wrong, only a bit more freedom, and will become a wild animal on the run. When a man's life or freedom is on the line, no price is too high to pay. In making the stakes so high, the government does nothing towards reducing crime (because the person feels he will not get caught in the first place) but rather, only increases the need for violence and desperate effort to effect escape once cornered.

I would greatly appreciate your viewpoints. I have not spoken from a personal viewpoint, rather from a vantage point that can see direction because others feel that the trend is downhill. I hope that the thoughts and the feelings of all men and women, be they prisoners, citizens or aristocracy, could be served best by a more feasible, more informed, more pliable solution than to encourage 'Court on the Street' or what is known as STREET CORNER Justice!



Bill Haas #3045
The Editor.

This same letter will be sent to various parliament members and other concerned parties. It is hoped that some actions will result.

A Twisted IMAGE

THE WHITE MAN AND HIS BIBLE

Many, many moons ago,
When the white man hit these shores,
The red man loved his country,
For he had all kinds of fish and game,
And there was nothing did he lack;

But the white man told him, "Brother,
Let us give you a guiding hand."
So the red man got the Bible;
And the white man got the land.

The white man takes Gold and Oil,
He also drives flashy cars;
The red man gets the welfair
And the skid-row bars.

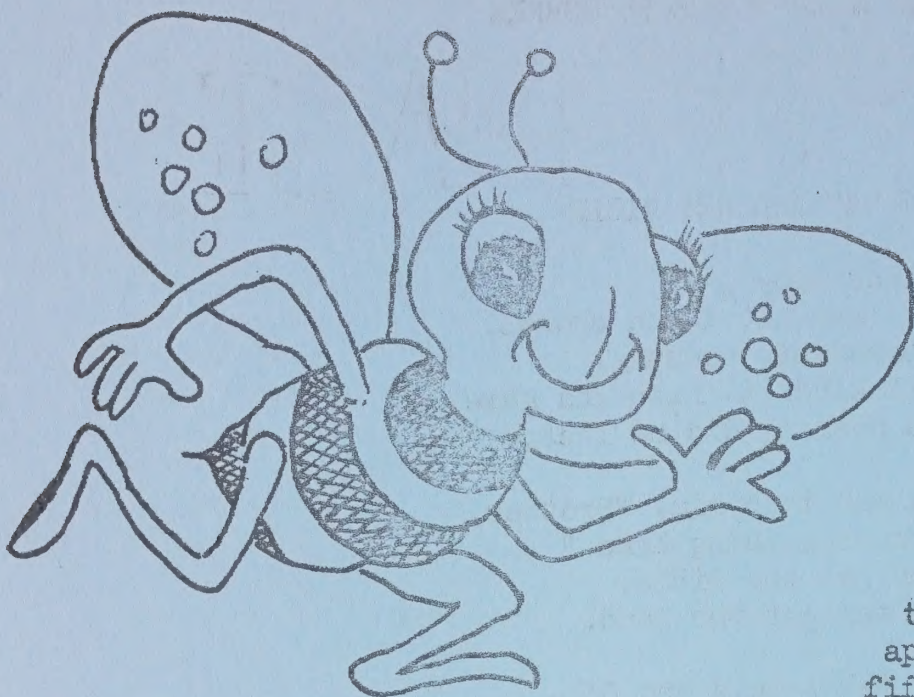
Yes brothers, we have
Joined the white man's band.
For we got the bible,
And he got the land.

We have read you Bible,
We have read it through and through,
But! We will give it back to you.
'Cause we know, that when
You have nothing else to sack,
You'll be coming a round,
To take your Bible back.....

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

In the last issue, an article appeared entitled Racing Racey Rumormunger. It is very unfortunate but words printed, in that article, meant only in jest, have been taken seriously and thus reflect badly on one of the cons in the institution. I would take this opportunity to apologize, in full, for the implications that this article spawned. I would announce that references to Gary Vance were meant to be - humor, and that they were not to be taken as fact. I would wholly apologize that such a discredit has been done to an individual by OFF THE WALL. Our purpose is not to ridicule our fellow convicts, rather, to serve them. I would sincerely hope that this apology will help to right the wrong caused by the previous printing of Racey Rumormunger.

Bill Haas #3045
Editor -
OFF THE WALL



THE STING

For five months PFF, Inc., was one of Washington, D.C.'s, most successful enterprises. Its friendly staff specialized in typewriters, television sets and other appliances, and on good days fifteen cars would be lined up outside its warehouse to do business. Last week, however, the acute embarrassment of its

ever, the company suddenly closed shop, to the acute embarrassment of its 200 regular customers. PFF, Inc., it turned out stood for Police-FBI fencing, Incognito—a fencing ring owned and operated by cops. At going-out-of-business party they dubbed "The Sting", PFF agents blew their cover by arresting scores of thieves, implicating an assistant U.S. Attorney, and recovering \$2.4 million in stolen property. "It was the smoothest mass arrest I've seen in 24 years on the bureau", gloated FBI official Nick Stames.

PFF, Inc., was modeled on a similar caper by the New York City Police last year. Six Washington policemen and federal agents moved into an abandoned warehouse in the fall. They distributed PFF cards business, hung several Playboy centre-folds at the warehouse entrance to hide a camera that would photograph every wide-eyed customer, and sat back to await business.

They didn't have to wait long. As word spread through the streets, Washington's thieves walked through the door lugging typewriters, stereo systems, firearms, and electric stoves. One man brought a heart-lung resuscitator stolen from a suburban hospital. There was a bearskin rug, a silver chandelier, some not-very-well-counterfeited \$50 bills. All told, PFF agents purchased 3,500 items, including 1,500 credit cards, eighteen cars and trucks and \$1.2 million worth of government checks stolen from a vault at the department of Housing and Urban Development. They paid bargain prices: \$400 electric typewriters went for \$25 apiece, and the \$1.2 million in HUD checks for a mere \$750.00.

As the ruse wore on with almost tedious success, the cops began to work into their roles. They noticed that the customers assumed they must be mafiosi, and so they took to calling themselves "Rico Ragatone" and "Angelo Lasagna". They cooked up spicy meatballs on a hot plate, peppered their small talk with words like "ciao" and talked darkly of the "don" in New York for whom they were working. Their visitors were impressed.

THE STING continued

Several described the tricks of their trade in fascinating detail, all recorded on video tape. One man demonstrated how he sprang open rows of apartment mailboxes with karate chops. Another asked whether PFF needed a hit man. Fill out the application, he was told, and he did--including among his references a hitherto-unsolved murder in Maryland.

PARTY: Finally, short of "buy money" and burdened with paperwork, PFF decided to liquidate its assets. It announced a formal party for prize customers to celebrate the firm's success and to meet the don "who is so proud of what you did for us". The clients arrived in dinner jackets and dutifully checked any guns at the door. One hood showed up in handcuffs--he had just escaped from a street arrest by the city police -- and asked his hosts to cut them off. "We said, 'Here's another set for you', "recalled Lt. Robert Arscott, one of the company's phony fences. All told 108 men were arrested on that night.

At the same time FBI agents arrested assistant U.S. Attorney Donald E. Robinson at his Maryland home. Robinson was charged with accepting \$700. in bribes to help "protect" PFF, and he was immediately fired. By early last week police had rounded up 25 more people and had begun investigating 10,000 crimes ranging from use of stolen credit cards to murder.

ENFORCEMENT: The arrests shed some interesting light on Washington law enforcement. Most of the thieves had prior records and many had been arrested more than six times since--yet his parole had never been revoked. Several had told their probation officers they were working for PFF, and the officers evidently did nothing to find out what sort of business it did.

Although some people believed that the STINGERS might have been guilty of entrapment, legal authorities think not. The police never encouraged, their customers to commit a crime --in fact they turned down offers from 100 people who volunteered to steal to order. Police-FBI Fencing, Incognito, sounded like just what the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration had in mind when it suggested recently that police departments needed to find more creative ways of catching crooks.

Reprinted from NEWSWEEK March 14, 1976.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!NOTICE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

! We would ask the readers to excuse the delay. This issue of
! OFF THE WALL had been originally scheduled to be printed
! and distributed during the first week of April. However,
! due to circumstances beyond our control it will now be
! appearing during the second week of May. I would like
! to extend my thanks to the readers that have waited pat-
! iently for it. Further, we should now be back on regu-
! lar printing schedule. Thank you very much.

! The Editor:!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SPORTS

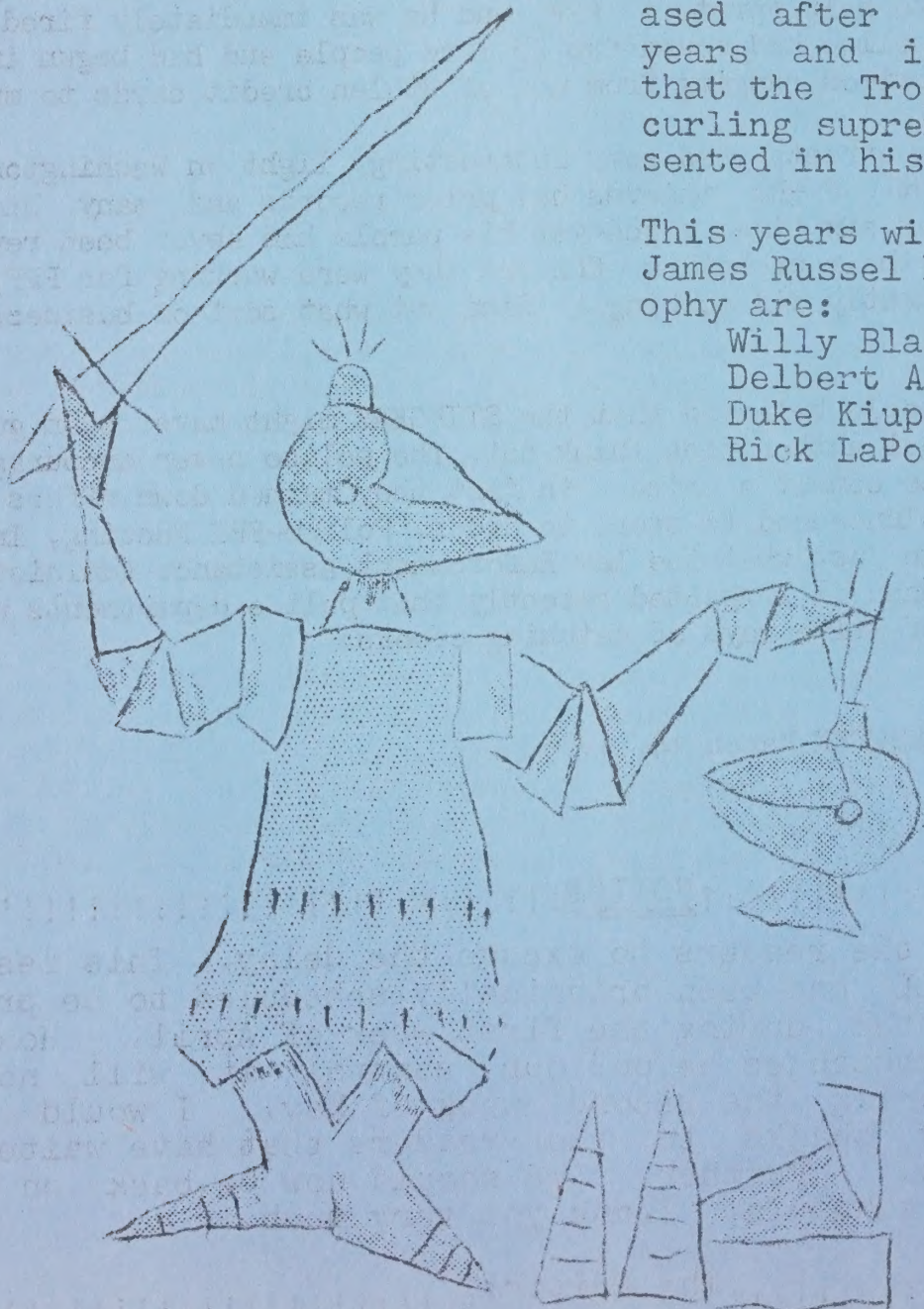
IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSEL

by: Neil Denholm

As most of you know, the James Russel Memorial Trophy is given yearly to the "A" League team with the best record during the regular season. Jimmy Russel was a curler and a sportsman who died in an accident at the Farm Annex, just a few months before he was to be released after serving ten years and it is fitting that the Trophy to show curling supremacy be presented in his name.

This years winners of the James Russel Memorial Trophy are:

Willy Blake - skip
Delbert Alexson - 3rd
Duke Kiupers -- 2nd
Rick LaPointe - Lead



Hockey League Summaries

HOCKEY LEAGUE SUMMARIES

by: Max Arnott

March 29.

Hockey season is over again and all in all it was a fairly fine season. In "A" League this year the Nationals went out in front from the start and with the exception of a slight slump just past mid-season, they led the league all the way. The Selects iced a fine team also led by hard hitting players such as: E. Cote (M.V.P.) and Danny Brass to name just two. They almost overtook the Nationals at one point during regular league play but the Nationals led by Peter Makokis, Alvin Norton and Ranger Wapass, to name a few, stymied them and the Chargers. The Chargers were very weak this year both in goal and on defense. They were perhaps the best team in the joint last year but the loss of such fine players as Keith Koskie, Lynn Dorrans, Robin Mathews, and Danny Craib (to name some of last years stars) cost them heavily.

During the regular season the Nationals took first place with 25 points, the Selects came a very close second with 23 points and the Chargers last with a dismal 4 points. In the first round of the play-offs the Chargers were knocked out in two games by the Selects although the Chargers showed some life in the first game coming from well behind on a fine effort from Willy Graham, Kingsley Baker, and Max Arnott, to pull within a goal of tying the game 9 all but the Selects mustered one final surge and pull away 11 to 8 and to go on to win the semi-finals trouncing the listless Chargers in the last game. In the finals, the going was hot and heavy with the first game going to the Nationals and the second to the Selects. It went this way throughout the series coming down to the wire three games a piece. The final game of the season was played on a fine Sunday afternoon. The Selects were grim and determined that the Nationals lose. In the first period, Wapass of the Nationals scored a hat trick. Pete Makokis and Al Norton added singles to make it 5 to 2 in the Nationals favor. Evert Cote and Delbert Anaskan replied for the Selects. In the second period Wapass scored two more goals. Omeoso and Norton added singles to make the score 9 to 5. Woody Cote got one and Danny Brass scored twice for the Selects. In the final period the Selects who had been a third period club all year, began, to move out! Danny Brass and Evert Cote scored two goals a piece and before you know it the Selects were bearing down hard in a desperate effort to tie the game. Wapass and Mackinaw scored to ease some of the pressure but R. Likakur and W. Cote came back for the Selects. With two minutes left in the game the Selects pulled out all stops and swarmed around a sprawling Kim (Tiger) Bitz, the goal tender of the tired Nationals. The score was 11 to 12 for the Nationals but as fate would have it the Nationals repelled the Selects and pressed forward with one final attack of their own and in a goal mouth scramble Stewart (Super Star) Gaddie, fired home an Al Norton rebound to put the game and the "A"

League Championship away from the hard working Nationals. There were many fine individual efforts throughout the whole play off series. Ranger Wapass had six goals and two assists in the final game. Allan Louison had seven goals and two assists in an earlier game. Evert Cote had six goals and one assist in the forth game. Pete Makokis had three goals and, one assist in a 14-9 victory and Max Arnott got five goals and three assists in a losing cause in the first game of the semi-finals.

In the voting for the awards to be presented at the Hockey Banquet to be held on April 24, 1976 the balloting went as follows with only the top contenders listed:

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

Evert Cote Selects	10 points
R. Wapass Nationals	9 points
Pete Makokis Nationals	8 points

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

D. Anaskan Selects	14 points
Willy Graham Chargers	9 points
R. Wapass Nationals	7 points

BEST DEFENSEMAN

Pete Makokis Nationals	14 points
D. Anaskan Selects	10 points
Jamie Baker Chargers	6 points

MOST GENTLEMANLY PLAYER

Kingsley Baker and Max Arnott tied	8 points
Pete Makokis Nationals	7 points
R. Wapass Nationals	3 points

Team Roster: Scoring & Penalties

Nationals	G.	A.	P.	Pt.	Chargers cont.	G.	A.	P.	Pt.
Norton	35	20	4	55	K. Baker	4	6	0	10
Wapass	25	16	1	41	Brydon	3	4	0	7
A. Louison	19	15	4	34	Robitaille	4	2	0	6
P. Makokis	23	9	1	32	J. Baker	1	0	2	1
Mackinaw	12	13	7	25					
Wardman	15	8	1	23					
Omeosoo	7	9	0	16					
Gaddie	8	8	0	16					
CHARGER	G.	A.	P.	Pt.	SELECTS	G.	A.	P.	Pt.
Arnott	17	25	4	42	Brass	27	13	1	40
Alexson	19	10	2	29	E. Cote	29	10	1	39
Graham					R. Cote	19	14	4	33
					W. Cote	18	8	4	26
					Severight	16	10	3	26
					John	9	12	2	21
					Anaskan	8	4	1	12
					Likakur	4	4	0	8
					Mayfield	2	5	0	7
TOP SCORER: Alvin Norton									
BEST GOALIE: Kim Tiger Bitz									

MORE SPORTS ON THE NEXT PAGE.

This year the Moses Mauraunders took the B League Championship. They were led by Wayne (Moses to his friends) Martell, Dennis Lloyd, Terry Ewinin, and John Dixon, to name a few. During the course of the year the Mauraunders had a tight race with the Hawks for the lead in the league standings. The Hawks were led by Len Swain, Jake Fiddler, and Ivan Papaquash. The Northern Lights, who picked things up at the end of the season and beat the Hawks out in the semi-finals, were led by Donny Reid, Dean Pow, Hat Trick Nick, Bob Schofield, Cachane and Roni Grant to name but a few. The Bruins a team that came into existence half-way through the season were led by Stewart (Super Star) Gaddie and Hector Severight who gave the Mauraunders a tough go in the semi-finals. They lost by the slimmest of margins. Ian Hutton, a fine rookie goal-tender held them in on many occasions. The season ended with the Hawks in first place with 22 points, Mauraunders second with 19 points, the Northern Lights third with 11 points and the Bruins in the last berth. In the semi-finals - the Hawks played the Northern Lights. The Northern Lights came on strong and had the Hawks down 3 games to one. The Hawks missed Ivan Papaquash who had gone out and was one of their best players. In the other semi-finals the Bruins and the Mauraunders had a fine series. The first game was taken rather handily 7 to 3 by the Mauraunders. The Bruins came back and took the second with a narrow 4 to 3 victory. The victory was claimed in an overtime goal by Hector Severight. In the third game the Mauraunders used some of the good stuff that champions are made of made a 4-to-1 gain after the first period. They went on to win a crucial second game 9 to 8. In the final game the mauraunders led all the way and went into the third period leading 7 to 3. They took the opportunity to sit back and coast. But, to their dismay Wilks, scored twice and Supper Star, Never Say Die, Gaddie also scored twice. The Mauraunders showed signs of life briefly in the third period and during one of these times Dixon and Lloyd broke in on a lone defencemand with a beautiful display of passing. Dixon banged home the winning goal that led the Mauraunders on to play the Northern Lights having squeaked a 8 to 7 victory.

The Northern Lights and the Mauraunders played a hard series. The Mauraunders took the first three games. In the first game, John Dixon scored twice and these goals proved to be, the winners edging out the Northern Lights 5 to 3. In the second game the Mauraunders mauraunders and back checked furiously to send them off to a 7 to 4 victory.

In the third it looked for a while like the Northern Lights were going to win. They held a 4 to 1 lead early in the third period. The Mauraunders came storming back with goals from Llyod and Ewinin. Then Miles Sarotr capped the team effort with two goals of his own. The first tied the match and the second brought the Mauraunders out in front and gave them their third straight victory over the Northern Lights.

* MORE SPORTS - CONTINUED ON PAGE 17 *

WHAT SPORTS MEAN TO THE INDIVIDUAL

by: Buddy Smith

First, sports of any kind, whether it be group or individual, provides the person involved with a form of release of daily tensions; which tend to mount up if not given some form of exit. Secondly, it provides the participant with a sense of personal satisfaction knowing that he has done well in his chosen sport. Whatever that might be. Sports sharpen the mind as well as the reflexes and help to keep the body in good physical condition at all times. If the sport that you are involved with happens to be a group thing, then you can develop a certain sense of pride and responsibility for having known that you held up your end of the participation. You learn that in a team or group sport, it is a total collective effort that does well and that there is no place for individual stars who tend to hog all the glory and attention for themselves.

Knowing that a team counts on your participation and particular functions, as a team member, whether or not you are sitting on the bench or actively participating, should help you to develop a keener sense of responsibility and worth.

"We all know, I am sure, that it is no fun to sit on the bench in any sport, at anytime, but if we take a moment to look at it from a different perspective, then I'm quite sure that we could then justify and rationalize sitting on the bench, at least to ourself.

Everyone of us, at one time or another, has dreams of being the hero of the day in the sport of our fancy. We all want to be admired and looked up to; respected I guess is the proper word here. There is, of course, nothing wrong or abnormal about feeling this way because everyone does at one time or another, but only a few succeed in realizing this fantasy. This achievement comes from hard work and dedication, not through dreaming about it. Perhaps that is a trouble of ours; we know deep inside our worth in a particular sport and yet we do nothing to develop our dreams or talents. We just sit there fantasizing in our dream world while someone else takes our place. After a while this dreaming and fantasizing could lead to other facets and functions of our lives and that is definitely what we do not want. Prison is abnormal enough situation as it is, I see no reason why we should drag ourselves and further down the ladder. Do you?

We can only go so far as our talent, drive and determination takes us, and when we have come that far we should feel very proud; for we have given our best shot. We will have much success in sports we participate in and in life if we apply these three things. And if we do, we will soon begin to see that we are no longer sitting on the bench, but we will be fulfilling our dreams and fantasies.

YEAR END CURLING REPORT

ANNUAL OPEN BONSPIEL

Our 4th annual bonspiel windup banquet was held on March 7, in dining hall four. This year was another success in what has become a major event in our winter sports program. There were 20 rinks entered; 8 outside and 12 inside participating in two open and two closed events.

All the curlers wish to thank the Inmate Committee and local merchants for their donations which helped to make this yearly event possible.

The following is a list of the winners and the events:

CON - FORCE I EVENT

T. Shand	D. Simpson	M. Arnott	W. Blake
J. Warrington	R. Voldeng	P. Labuick	D. Alexson
C. LaCorde	G. McKellar	E. Gibson	D. Klupers
J. Ayalik	D. Hogan	R. Johnston	R. LaPointe

In the semi-finals Shand got by Arnott while Simpson beat Blake. The finals saw Shand take a 5 point lead over Simpson in a game that ended 10 - 9.

CITIZEN'S ADVISORY EVENT

D. Simpson	N. Denholm	P. Bird	T. Shand
R. Volbeng	J. Willerton	D. Melvin	J. Warrington
G. McKellar	A. Kuhn	B. Stoney	C. LaCorde
D. Hogan	P. Smith	L. Harvey	J. Ayalik

The semi-finals saw Simpson take Bird while Denholm beat Shand. In the finals Simpson took the lead and held a 9 to 3 victory over Denholm.

INMATE COMMITTEE EVENT

J. Turner	J. Winram	L. Blanchard	A. LaRocque
B. Miller	W. Durocher	S. Gaddie	G. Ross
B. Bell	C. Meyers	A. Norton	W. Scheffield
B. Clark	C. Whitey	C. Meyers	L. Mason

The semi-finals saw Turner over Blanchard and Cleave over LaRocque. In the finals Cleave took the lead but Turner came back to win 8 to 7 in an extra end.

P.A. MERCHANTS EVENT

B. Birmingham	M. Arnott	L. Dell	L. Blanchard
R. Oklek	P. Labuick	A. Rollo	S. Gaddie
J. Cardinal	E. Gibson	L. Meyers	A. Norton

In the semi-finals it was Birmingham over Rollo and Arnott over Blanchard. The finals saw Birmingham beat Arnott in a reall wire runner 9 to 8 game.

So ended the 1975/1976 curling season. For more on the curling, baquet see page 20.

THE MUSIC SCENE FOR 1975

ROCK MUSIC AWARDS FOR 1975: Best Vocalist - Stevie Wonder, Joni Mitchell; Best Personality - Elton John; Best Album - Blood On The Tracks by Bob Dylan; Best Single - You're No Good, by Linda Ronstadt; Best Group - Eagles; Best Composer - D. Henley, G. Grey, and J. D. Souther with Best Of Love; Best Rhythm and Blues Single - Lady Marmalade by Labelle; Best R&B Album - That's The Way Of The World by Earth, Wind, and Fire. Nominee to The Hall Of Fame - Chuck Berry. Best Public Service went to none other than - Joan Baez.

COUNTRY MUSIC ASSOCIATION AWARDS FOR 1975: Best Entertainer and Song went to John Denver with Back Home Again; Best Vocalists - Dolly Parton and Waylon Jennings; Best Single - Before The Next Teardrop Falls by Freddy Fender; The Best Duo - Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn; Best Instrumental Group - Buck Trent and Roy Clark; Best Instrumentalist - Johnny Gimble.

.....

SATIRE

THE PIG AND THE COP

OFF THE WALL

Once upon a time, this cop wanted to buy himself a watch-dog. So off he went to see this old farmer that bred dogs. On approaching the farmer he stated, "I'd like to buy a good watch-dog. Have you got any for sale?" The shrewd old farmer thought to himself, 'nows my chance to be rid of that old pig I've got in the back of the barn'. Considering, the old farmer said "Yup, as a matter of fact, I just got a new breed in this morning." So the old farmer sold the pig to the dumb cop, and the cop took it home, tied a nice red ribbon around it's neck and let it go in the living room.

The next day the dumb cops friend came over and exclaimed "Hey, how come you got a pig on your chesterfield?" "That's not a pig!" said the dumb cop, "That's my ne watchdog." His friend argued "Auw, come on anyone can tell that's a pig." The dumb cop retorted, "Bologna, you just can't tell a good dog when you see one". The friend said "I can prove that's a real pig, and not a dog. If you let your dog out of the house, he'll run right over and jump in that mud puddle just like the real pig he is."

So they let the pig out, and sure enough it immediately jumped into the mud puddle, "Just like a real pig," said the cops friend, "that proves that it is a pig and not a dog!"

"Aw Bullshit", said the dumb cop, "the only thing that proves is that my dog is out there making a pig of himself."

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS: You don't have to be a pig just to act like one. Also, actions speak louder than do words.

Submitted by: Cadalac Clark

A Twisted IMAGE

HEY MAN, YOU CAN'T DO THAT

Have you ever been busted, by a friend y' trusted,
Set up and betrayed by a pal?
Y' scored for him some dope, he looked sick as he spoke.
How a jimmi would soon make him well,
Have you been looked in jail, for an illegal sale,
And soon were starting to kick;
A habbit so mean, y' started to scream....
And the copper laughed and asked, "Are you sick?"
The some bloody old fool, with the voice of a mule,
Made a yell from the cell where she sat:
With a deep furrowed brow and the voice of a cow
Said, "Hey Man, they can't do that!".

And when you were brought, to the judge
Who'd been bought
By the cops who, of course, had put you in jail,
Said, "Becuase it has been seen, that you are
Excessively mean. I must deny you freedom or Bail."
For months y' wait ; to discover your fate,
And when finally brought to trial,
"You're guilt is clear," says the judge with a sneer,
And then gives you five years with a smile.
And so you are sent, not broken, but Bent
To the place where you will do your time at,
Some goof on the side, with her mouth open wide,
Says, "Hey Man, they can't do that!".

Have you ever served time, for the un-earthly crime,
Of helpin' your brother to much?
For trying to do, what your feelin's said to,
Though your head said you shouldn't do such.
Yes'n all through your life, when you've suffered the strife,
Of the One who's payin' the dues.
There's that phrase from the clown,
Who ain't never been down.....
And his shoes, weren't ever full of blues,
Now I'm not t' say, that I've nothing to pay,
Cause I know that I have done some things wrong;
And I know very well, that I'm headin' for hell.
BUT YOU KNOW WHO'S COMIN' ALONG.....
Yes'n when this life ends, and that fool clown descends,
With me, down to the fires of the pit.
As they lower her in, I'll stand there and grin
Saying, "Hey Man, they can't do that!".

Now I'm not bitter my friend, I just wanted to win,
These things out of my head,
And now that they are out, well I have no doubt,
That yesterday's news lies dead.

continued on the next page

HEY MAN, YOU CAN'T DO THAT continued

And though I accept, that for now we are kept
In a prison of troubles and sorrow,
I just want to say, that what goes for today,
Does not have to go down tomorrow.
And I know that it has been said,
That by keeping your head
Our battles finally are won.
As I look through the bars
I can still see the stars,
And the thought that is caught says,
RIGHT ON.

submitted by: Ken Jones

JUNKIES CHILD

She sits in a room
where the paint peels from the walls
where lonely drunken men,
stagger cockroach ridden halls.
But it's all she's ever known
other than the books she's seen
With nice pictures of a straighter world,
a place she's never been.
She's just a junkies child,
riding the wind
trying hard to smile
though she's knows she'll never win.
Just a junkies child -
that freedom that you see
is not a reality.
It's just a game.
She's only four years old
and she tucks herself in bed
running through her head
are the words her daddy said
as he sucks his answer up
from a crooked spoon.
Just a child of a junky
babe - you have so much to learn.
Accross the table in the kitchen
sits a withered man
he'll talk when he is able.
but how can she understand?
of all the word's hes spoken,
of how he'll reach his end?
of how he's trying to tell her
that the needles just a FRIEND...
She's just a Junkies Child.

submitted by: Ken Jones

them their

This, however deemed to do little to inspire the Mauraunders to go out and tie the series. They dropped the fourth game 5 to 4. O.J. scored twice, Elastic Man also got two and Donavan, one for the Norhtern Lights. Llyod and Sartor had singles and T. Ewinin got two for the Mauraunders. In what turned out to be the last game of the season the Mauraunders, ended the Northern Light's fantasies of a New York Islander comeback by whipping them quite handily 8 to 5. So the Mauraunders won the B League Championship proving once again what a little help from up above can do for a team.

In the balloting to determine awards the following results were obtained:

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

Terry Ewinin	12 points
(2) shared by:	
Llyod, Gaddie	
Kanapace and,	
Papaquash	6 points
Jackie Edwards	3 points

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Stewart Stonechild	9 points
Llyod	8 points
Elaschik	6 points

BEST DEFENSEMAN

Don Reid	18 points
Wayne (Moses) Martell	12 points
Severight	8 points

MOST GENTLEMANLY PLAYER

Gil Pastion and	
S. Gaddie tied	14 points
Elaschuk	5 points
Sapp & Schofield	3 points.

A LEAGUE TEAM TROPHY WENT TO
THE: Nationals, 75/76 Champs

Norton	Mackinaw
Makokis	Omeosoo
Wapass	Gaddie
Louison	Bitz

Top Points: Alvin Norton

B LEAGUE TEAM TROPHY WENT TO
THE: Moses Mauraunders 75/76.

Llyod	Durocher
Sartor	Mercridi
Belanger	G. Pastion
Martell	Ewinin
J. Dixon	Therberge
Sapp	

Top Points: Dennis Llyod

continued on the next page

SPORTS continued from the last page.

"B" LEAGUE SCORING & PEN. STATISTICS

Player	Goals	Assists	Pen.Min.	Total Pts.
Lloyd	29	28	10	57
Swain	23	19	2	42
Stonechild	21	18	4	39
Fiddler	19	15	4	34
Reid	19	9	9	28
Pastion	9	18	0	27
Dixon	18	4	4	22
Moyah	11	11	4	22
Ewinin	15	6	2	21
Pow	7	10	2	17
Elastic Man	9	8	2	17
Cachane	13	4	2	17
Schofield	10	4	0	14
Mailhot	6	7	4	13
Belanger	8	5	2	13
Lee	10	3	9	13
Martell	4	7	2	11
White	4	7	12	11
Kanapage	5	3	2	8
Grant	5	2	0	7
Wilks	4	3	2	7
Goforth	3	4	2	7
Edwards	6	0	2	6
Melvin	3	1	10	4
Sacamoose	3	1	2	4
Churnoff	0	3	0	3
Gaddie	3	4	0	7
T. Stonechild	2	1	0	3
Yellowbird	0	1	0	1
Smith	1	0	2	1
Villiburn	1	0	0	1
Sapp	0	0	2	0
OJ	0	1	2	1
Mercridi	1	0	1	1

FINAL REGULAR SEASON STANDINGS
IN "B" LEAGUE 75/76

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Points
Hawks	16	11	5	0	22
Moses Mauraunders	16	9	6	1	19
Northern Lights	16	5	10	1	11
Bruins	4	0	4	0	0

"B" LEAGUE SCORING TITLE WENT TO: Dennis(Sureshot)
Lloyd.

MORE SPORTS on the next page!

MORE SPORTS

continued from the last page...

"B" LEAGUE GOALIE STATS!

Player	G.P.	G.A.	Average
Durocher	9	38	4.2
Grant	6	28	4.4
Smith	10	58	5.8

Only the players that had played 5 or more games during the regular season have been listed in the statistics that appear on this and the preceeding page.

I would like to say a special thanks to Buddy Smith who helped out with the score keeping and tabulating of the bal-lots on award day. And also Delbert Anashan and Clarence Lo Johns who helped out with the ice and equipment all year. To end, I think that A League had a fine season that was played clean but hard, and all you men who contributed by their playing, reffing, and score-keeping should feel good knowing that it represents just one less season that we have to go. Also, B League should not be ignored, and a word shared between both leagues. Fine playing, fine winning, but finest of all, fine sportsmanship.

by: Max Arnott.

THE GOVERNMENT - THE BIGGEST LANDLORD

by: Cliff Lurvey.

In my opinion the government is becoming one of the biggest LandLords in the country. They are presently housing more inmates than ever before, and many of these men are on very long term leases, some extending 10, 15, or more years. Tax Payer is going to be happy about this. It turns out that the expense of housing one inmate in a Government 'Hostel' is greater than the income recieved by the average Canadian family.

The Government is forever claiming that it is going to tear down 'old prisons' but they never seem to get around to it. It seems that even after they build new prisons in the area that they manage to fill these before they have had a chance to reduce the population of the old prison enough to be able to faze it out.

The new Peace and Security Program will only add more residents to the already overflowing 'Government Hostels' and thus put an even greater burden on the 'people' that must fund the government's ventures in the LandLord business. It almost seems that the Government wants to increase the prison population. The Government must like the LandLord Business.

1975/1976 CURLING BANQUET

The banquet opened with Neil Denholm expressing thanks to the kitchen staff for the meal of chicken and steak.

Ted Sayer (CIC) expressed his enjoyment of being able to curl and attend the banquet. He gave credit to Neil Denholm, Phil Smith and Ron Oklek for doing such a fine job of looking after the ice and the organization of the bonspiel.

Dale Simpson's team won the large trophy and Ted Sayer presented it.

Dale Simpson presented cups to the Neil Denholm rink.

Mr. P. Labuick (Administration) presented the first place trophy in the Con Force I event to Tom Shand's rink.

Tom Shand presented the second place prizes to Dale Simpson's rink, who placed second in the Con Force I play-offs.

Red Johnson's rink took third and fourth went to Willy Blake's rink in the same event.

A - 2 Event

Won by the Jack Trainor Rink

Second to Mer Cleave's rink

Third by the Blanchard rink

And fourth to the rink headed by Archie Larouque.

B - 2 Event

Phil (flushbottom) Smith presented ashtrays and cups to Ron Okelek's winning team.

Second went to Red Johnson's rink.

Third to the loveable Mr. Rollo.

And fourth to Blanchard's team.

Bill Powers (Hobby Officer) was given thanks by Neil for being available to assist in bringing in the outside rinks and contacting players.

Joe Malek was given credit for stealing the coffee and cream, for the curling shack.

Pete (The Tramp) Labuick won the 'crying towel' a coveted award presented by Tom (The Mare) Shand.

Ernie Gibson walked off with an arm-load of food, which he explained was for his friends, but he was later seen in the gym in the middle of a royal scoff.

Neil Denholm

PRISONERS SEEK TO KNOW WHY PAROLE IS REFUSED?

(REPRINT FROM THE LONDON TIMES)

Submitted by BILL BRACEY

The parole board and the home office are considering how to implement a request by prisoners and some staff for a new policy of letting inmates know why their paroles are refused.

They have told Sir Louis Petch, the board's chairman, and other members that the failure to give reasons is the biggest cause of cynicism about the parole board and in some cases it leads to dangerous bitterness.

Many of the prisoners who do not apply for parole opt out because they cannot bear the anguish caused by the uncertainty. Each year more than 700 prisoners, about 8 per cent of the number eligible, refuse to be considered.

When prisoners opt out they are not given the supervision on release they would automatically receive on parole.

The need to give reasons was strongly expressed to members on the board during visits to prisons to explain how the parole system works and to hear views on it.

Prisoners and staff have told the board that failure to give reasons means that inmates do not know what they have to do to correct their faults, and rehabilitation is undermined.

In prison, some work off their frustrations in the gym. Others relapse into moody non-cooperation and sometimes bloody-mindedness. Cynicism, and distrust spread. Prisoners wonder who had spoken against them. They sometimes blame their wives or individual officers. Wives blame their husbands.

Sir Louis has replied that he would be in favor of passing on reasons if a way could be found of doing so effectively and fairly. The board and the home office are not against the idea in principle but they say that giving reasons would in some cases harm the prisoner, particularly if they were medical ones, if circumstances at the home he was expecting to had changed, for example if the wife was secretly involved with another man.

Prisoners reply that they would prefer to know the truth, and the staff say that an honest, frank relationship helps the inmate to come to terms with their surroundings. Moreover it is precisely that sort of treatment in other parts of the prison system that seeks to help a man face reality. The therapeutic community at Grendon Underwood prison is an example.

There were also complaints during the board's tour of prisons about delay, averaging three months, between application for parole and communication of the decision.

An organization-and-method study of Home Office and Parole Board procedures, due to begin soon, will explore whether changes are necessary. Welfare staff at prisons say that often not enough time is given for adequate aftercare to be arranged easily.

continued from the last page Parole

Men leaving may have to suddenly abandon expensive education courses arranged for them through the prison. The granting of parole is done in the light of the individuals circumstances and attitude of the prisoner which might change.

Prisoners also express cynacism about the attitude of judges to parole. One prisoner, who has surveyed opinion in his wing, told Sir Louss that judges imposed longer sentences to compensate for the part expected to lost through parole. He was told that there was no evidence of it and that judges serving on the board denied it.

Another prisoner pointed out that the time was coming when the board would have to consider those life sentences for which the judges had recommended a minimum term. Provisions for judges to recommend minimum, prison terms for murderers was made when capital punishment was abolished in 1965.

From the coming into force of the Act in 1965 until the end of October, 1975, life imprisonment has been imposed for murder in England and Wales in 382 cases, excluding those in which persons under 18 convicted of murder were sentenced to detention "during her Majesty's pleasure." Recommendations on sentences have made in 67 of these cases. The length of these recommended periods has varied from 10 years, to, in two cases, life.

Welfare and probation officers have raided the dilemma created by the granting of parole to a parent who has battered his child. It has then to be decided whether to take the child into care, and probation officers say, some have been. That means that the concession to the offender has been made at the expense of the innocent victims. But an offender on parole is under supervision, which of advantage to the child.

A Prison Doctor and Psychologist have expressed concern to the Parole Board about the need to ensure adequate supervision of sexual offenders, on parole. The question arises of how to ensure supervision even if the offender has been placed on a condition on parole to continue to receive treatment.

But the concern is overridden by figures quoted by the board that indicates that of all the offenders, including traffic offenders, those who have committed sex crimes are least likely to become recidivists.

The proportion of eligible prisoners now getting some parole is 40 per cent. Of those, 93% are not recalled while on parole.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The page following this is number as being page 27. This page as being page 22. In case you might have felt that these pages were missing in your issue, don't worry -- they are. For this issue only the pages, shall we say, will be numbered somewhat out of order. The whole paper is still here.

Thanks!!!

MONEY TALK -- ON THE CANTREEN

The new canteen 'pay scale' talk is still in the works. People are talking but as of yet, there has been nothing definite that has come to the surface. The following is an aproximation of what the money break-down will be:

Grade 1	Total	\$1.00	Compulsory	25¢	Spending	\$.75
Grade 2	Total	\$1.20	Compulsory	25¢	Spending	\$.95
Grade 3	Total	\$1.40	Compulsory	30¢	Spending	\$1.10

Basic Allowance: 70¢

Compulsory Savings will be taken from the 70¢ for all those on the Basic Allowance. I should point out that none of this is final. It is only the best aproximation that we have at this time. I personally wouldn't start 'looking' for it befor July 1st. and even that may be too early. Well, here's to hoping -- I'm broke.

As everyone can see, there have been eight new items added to the canteen list. They are: Fruit Juice @ 19¢ per can, Lypsol @ 66¢, Dryad Roll On Doedarant @ \$1.10 for 3 oz., Freeze Dried Coffee @ \$ 2.20 for 8 oz., Soap Dishes @ 17¢ a piece, Cigarette Cases @ 17¢ a piece, Hot Rods @ 10¢ each, and Spork @ 79¢ per tin.

Most of the prices remained the same but there were a few that went up. Tame went up to \$1.05 from 63¢ but it is also the bigger bottle (8 oz. instead of 4 oz.). Peanut Butter went up 3¢ a pound to 79¢ - things are getting sticky around here (sic). Head and Shoulders - has really taken a jump so it looks like there will be a lot of unhealthy Halo Heads around for a while. Until the new pay set anyway.

The NEW limit on tabacco has been extended to 20 cigs or 24 tabacco.

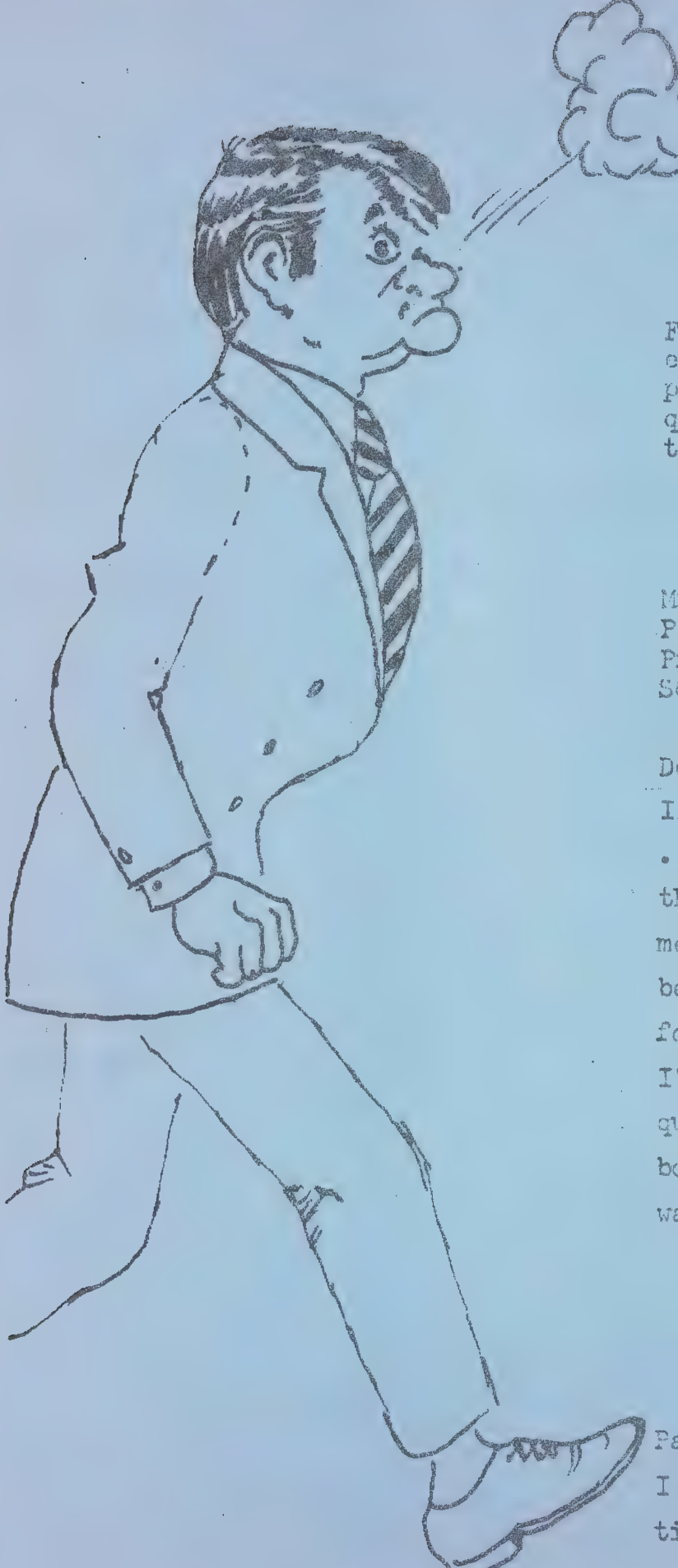
Smoke it up: Roll, roll, roll a joint
Take a drink of wine,
Toke a toke, hold the smoke
And blow your lucking mind.

Rumors are flying around of probable increases and the best rumor of prices to look towards both coffee and tabacco going up in July. The reasons for this are the big jump on coffee prices on the street and more tax and increased cost of tabacco on the street. May be some other hikes as well but these two items seem pretty sure to take a leap.

THE STRANGER

I walked alone one night
Thru fog and drizzle rain
In the dark without a light
But -- I could feel no pain.

Along my path I met a woman, quiet, errect
A tear upon her cheek, a cry within her heart;
I could not pass her by - I stopped and asked her why?
She answered with a shy - the world and all it's lies.
Without another word she turned and leaped
Into the dark angry waters and vanished from my eyes.
Shaken from my drunken stupor - I searched - but in vain
Who and why was this woman, or was it - after all - the wine?



Now, the Good News

Following are excerpts from a letter received by the Co-Editor from one of his correspondants on the street. It asks some of the questions. Paul's answer expands on some of the problems.

February 27, 1976

Mr. Paul Leister #4861
P.O. Box 160
Prince Albert, Sask.
S6V 5R6

Dear Paul:

I was so glad to get your letter today. . .
. . . There is so much to say - - What does the new PEACE & SECURITY BILL before parliament mean to you? I feel that there will be a lot of trouble in the prisons except for abolition. (The Bill is being printed. I'll see if I can get a copy). It will be quite a while before any of it passes. Abolition, will pass, as it should. Allmand waited for a sympathetic P.C. leader.....

Love always,
Ruth.

Paul's answer follows on the next page.

I hope that many of the inmate population will join the staff of OFF THE WALL and send Parliament evidence of our disapproval.

continued from the last page:

Dear Ruth:

Most of the afternoon I spent answering a lovely letter from Susan I finished it just before supper. . . . and now to answer three lovely letters recieved from you.

The new Bill before Parliment means to me that the Government (and the rather easily led public) is still thinking in the dark ages; that someday, perhaps a thousand years from now, they will learn that hate and revenge only begets hate and revenge. You should hear some of the prisoner (younger) swearing to "kill the pigs", "shoot it out", etc. The entire mess is political and will only destroy Society even more than it is already being destroyed. As for me personally, I will not violate the law again, but the Bill had nothing to do with that decision. I too am afraid that unless prisons become (inside) as humanely run as this one, that there will be more trouble inside. If a man's hope is taken from him and he has no incentive to think rationally, he is a man to beware. And although Warren Allmand is a humane man, and an intelligent man, he is as guilty as the others when it comes to pounding the law-and-order tom-tom.

Give me one - fourth the facilities and authority his department has and I'll empty most of the prisons. (SUCCESSFULLY) in three years. I would also reduce crime and recidivism. The problem is that the monster has grown so big the Government does not know what to do with it except feeding it for fear it will turn upon itself because much of it is the Government.

In the Bill they talk about capturing the "Bosses" of organized crime. The entire police network of North America hasn't arrested or convicted 5 of them in the past 10 years. And they, won't in the next 10 years! It is all a big political lie and Warren Allmand is as guilty of spreading the lie as the others, except he is much more intelligent and humane. I wonder if all the "Law-and-Order" being jammed down the public throat is to divert the public, mind from other, more serious matters, such as the millions being stolen in Quebec on the Olympics, the unlimited amount of money being printed by Trudeau's and Ford's print shop foremen; the spiraling inflation, etc., etc. It seems to me that everytime the public needs to vent frustration or anger at the OVERALL situation in the nations on both sides of the border, a few politicians and ambitious police officers start screaming for LAW AND ORDER. Nixon was an expert at it. But while he was yelling the loudest, he was stealing everything except the White House toilet. It makes one wonder, doesn't it?

I have an article beside me that just ran in a local newspaper quoting a Winnipeg Police Inspector named, Paul Johnson, who is screaming for "firm treatment" for juvenile criminals. He claims Society is being too lenient not applying heavy punishment to youngsters who violate the law. He specifically points to the age bracket of 9 to 13. He claims that children in that category are responsible for a great deal of crime and should be dealt with firmly.

I remember being responsible for crime at those ages. And I

continued on next page...

continued from the last page

was dealt with firmly. I was beaten by my Dad until I vomited blood and mucous into the bathtub. Following that, I was placed in a "reform school" where I was beaten and sexually assaulted. Following, my release from reform school, I was so angry and so well versed in new methods of crime, that I quickly graduated to Phase 2 by earning my way into a "Farm Camp" where I was worked in the fields like an animal or hung by my wrists if I protested. After my release from there, I was so determined to execute what firm treatment had taught me, that I stole a gun and it wasn't to much longer before I was vaulting the counter of banks, snarling at tellers to back away from the cash. During all those years, police agencies around the world -- gleefully occupied their time searching for me.

I'm 45 years old now and have spent most of my life on the recieving end of "firm treatment". (Three times in court: 22 years in prison). Over half my life has been spent in chains and battling "firm treatment".

If God had not come into my life (and even there, a prison employed sadist drove me to my knees), the anger that "firm treatment" generated in me over the years would have no doubt eventually seen me in a blazing shoot-out with people like Inspector Paul Johnson, who constantly attack those with brains enough to suggest the easing of "firm treatment" against children. Inspector Paul Johnson (and Warren Allmand) are what I call "instant experts". They use the authority of their office to speak on subjects they know little about. But then if children - criminals were not dealt with firmly enough, Society might not be blessed with so many "hard-nose" criminals like myself who support the billion-dollar police army up the political ladder.

Ruth, I must run now. I'm writing this in the office and it is once again time to crawl back into my cage. Please give my love to Susan and keep smiling.

Paul.

SPORTS NOTICE

About the only sport in full swing at this time is watching the sun. Needless to say that not much is going at the time and our usual start for the baseball season is almost on us so things will probably be a 'little' slow starting this year. We would hope that by the time summer gets here that there will be some organized league in progress. Those guys in the population that are interested in ball should get a list' out with their names on and then hit up the cat for the equipment. Right now if we wait for someone else to start organizing the sports we might be waiting for the hockey season. If we get it in gear we could have a ship shape, but short, ball league in a couple of weeks.

.....

When you preach about sin in town, mind mentioning my name?
I could use the business. page 30

During the course of many years I have spent in various institutions - throughout this country, I have observed over prejudice in many forms. I have seen many people and groups ostracized on account of their colour or creed. This type of prejudice is bad enough but there is another type more insidious and deeply rooted. I am referring to the scorn and criticism that is cast upon up people who have a hormone imbalance. How many more years are we expected to stand quietly by, while ridicule and snide remarks are thrown at us by male chauvinist pigs. I, for one, have had my fill! I think that its about time we got up off our stomachs and relinquish our kneeling submissive position. We must stand up, link hands, and start our "Gay Liberation Movement". No longer will I hide under beds or in closets. From this day forward, I shall wear my femininity like a badge of honor. Remember we do nothave to worry of censorship from the Administration or Federal Government. In fact the Federal Government has already led the way in our fight for recognition and liberation. With my own eyes I heard Mr. Goyer over National TV say that homosexuality is no longer considered illegal in Canadian Penitentiary's. In further support of "US", the Administration of this institution has recently allowed at least one of "US" to purchase a girdle. This I consider a major and important breakthrough; although, I am disappointed in our "Sister" who purchased it. Up until the time of writing, "She" has remained either in her cell or close to it when wearing the girdle. Come on dear, cast off your inhibitions and middleclass morals, and GET WITH IT.. SWING IS THE THING.

The prejudice that we must fight is the prejudice inflicted upon us by our fellow convicts. It might be a long hard battle. But, united we shall be able to overcome. Come on "SISTERS", you have true Love and Respect to gain, and nothing to lose but your anonymity.

Staff Writer: Gloria

Goedown

PLAYBACK
XXXXXXXXXX

Nuggets of Wit and Wisdom for YOUR Leisure Hours

There is no music to the ears sweeter than a sincere, appreciative compliment. A satisfying compliment bolsters the ego, touches the heart and kindles the spirit. But like all ventures in human relations, the art of paying a compliment takes thought, practice and ingenuity. A well-turned phrase, an expressive tribute gives joy to the recipient. We never forget a compliment that has deeply pleased us nor do we forget a person who made it. We must however, be on guard that we do not push a compliment to the point of flattery. To provide a guideline, here are some examples of the gracious compliment:

Husbands Anniversary greeting to his wife: "I love you not only for what you are, but, what I am when I'm with you."

"Won't you come into my garden? I would like my roses to see you."

Mother, introducing her newly married son's wife: "And this is my Daughter-In-Love".

INGER HANSEN - CORRECTIONS SNOOP

INVESTIGATOR LOOKS INTO PRISONER COMPLAINTS - VANCOUVER SUN - Bill Bracey

I have made a promise that I will never write a book called 'Funny Things Inmates Told Me' or 'Letters Inmates Wrote Me', says Inger Hansen, Canada's first Federal Correctional Investigator.

Miss Hansen gives examples of her work, a penitentiary prisoner won the right to write a lonely hearts club, another got a clemency break after serving what amounted to a payment in advance on his next conviction. But beyond these examples confidentiality is the key to how Miss Hansen sees the role of Correctional Investigator.

Her Ottawa office is accessible to all 9000 prisoner in Federal institutions, and wherever possible, Miss Hansen or a member of her staff will interview the complaintant.

She said that common complaints involve the lack of medical treatment, educational opportunity, visits and correspondence. Accusations of physical mistreatment are few.

The 'lonely hearts' affair came under the heading of correspondence. A prisoner had written a letter which was rejected for mailing with a slip saying "this type of correspondence is not allowed", although he had frankly admitted being an inmate.

Miss Hansen says ombudsmen for prisoners sometimes have difficulty showing results.

"If I were to take the total number of complaints that came to me this year, which is 988, and ask me how many were resolved, I'd say about 10%. But then if I deduct those that came outside our terms of reference, then the resolution percentage goes up to about 25 percent.

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ACE IN THE HOLE: "Talk a little louder. It's a bad connection. I can hardly hear you. Yes. Yes. That's better. Sure, dear. I understand. You'll be coming home late. Sure. Don't worry. I say, have a good time. Goodbye dear."

"Who was that?"

"My husband." she answered. "What did he want?"

"He said, he's uptown playing poker with you and the boys."

The husband was driving to work when he suddenly realized that he had forgotten his briefcase. He arrived home to find his pretty wife standing naked on the bathroom scale. As he hurried he past the bathroom door he reached in and pinched her on the bottom and asked, "How much today, honey?"

"The usual," she replied, "two quarts of milk and a pound of butter".

BACK ALLEY LORD

Reprint from:
The Communicator

BACK ALLEY LORD

by: Chuley

IN THE SPRAWLING CONCRETE JUNGLE OF LOS ANGELES THE POLICE NO LONGER TRY TO prevent crime or even control it. In some districts they respond reluctantly when called on and sometimes not at all, for they fear ambush by snipers. Their duties have become inane desk jobs, where they are swamped by an infusion of paper work for crimes that were committed two or three years ago. All these subpoenas, warrants, and paper work have caused a paralysis in a protective system within the law and in turn have created a demand for a protective system outside the law. Thus begins the lucrative business known as "Fencing." This business is an exclusive service for the elite, the illegal, and those who depend on immediate action instead of years of court proceedings. Fencers worry little about being reported to the law. Their customers are usually outside the law and neither can run to a law from which they are fugitives.

A good fencing organization always has a tight front, a few thugs, an investigative force, and a few extras when needed. One of the most needed extras includes a small gang of teenagers. The gang is given some nominal pay every week with empty promises of advancement. These gangs are usually composed of kids from the scanty areas of East L.A., so the small pay is enough to cause some competition within the gang. But, the promise of advancement is enough to encourage other gangs to test the strength of the chosen group, who are usually the strongest in the area. So it is that these gangs are constantly engaged in a contest for the organizations' attention. Although the organization doesn't feel totally euphoric about these squabbles, neither do they exert a great amount of energy to stop them.

"Associated Enterprises, could you hold please?" The secretary pushed the hold button on the phone before anyone could object. She then turned and pushed the button on the inter-com to her boss' office. "Mister Crayton, there's a Mister Willis from Cardinal Aviation to talk to you on line-two."

"Thank you Miss Stevens," came the crisp reply. "Who's that on hold?"

"I don't know yet sir, but I'll find out." Again she turned to the phone on her huge oak desk.

Miss Crystal Stevens, twenty-two, single, intelligent, petite, and looking as if she had just stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. The office, a pleasant elegant room with deep piled, gold, wall-to-wall carpeting, and enough plants to make the room look like a tropical jungle.

"May I help you sir," she said in her naturally honey coated voice that seemed to seduce in a businesslike manner.

"Well now, that depends. Do you deliver or do you play hard to get?"

"Johnny, where are you? The boss has been asking for you."

Johnny Dugan, twenty-six, Junior-partner in Associate Enterprises, good humored, well mannered, well built, a ladies man, and a literati on crime, having graduated from U.S.C. with a degree in Criminology.

"You didn't answer my question Stevens."

"Didn't I deliver last night Johnny?"

"You did, but I want to know about tonight."

continued on the next page

BACK ALLEY LORD - continued from the last page

"Oh Johnny, I can't go out with you tonight, my sister just came into town this morning," she said, openly showing the disappointment in her voice.

Johnny knew that his appetite for Crystal was met by her desire for him with equal zeal, although neither of them had mentioned it aloud as of yet. He also knew that she would be glad to go out with him if she could but he enjoyed teasing her. "Good! Then we can have a three-some."

"Johnny!" she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "Would you say that to your brother if he came into town and I wanted to go out on the same night?"

"No, I think I would say...." At this he put on his best James Cagney voice and imitated, "Awright ya dirty brotha, ya killed ma rat an' now ya gonna get yaws, so come out wid ya hands up an' ya pants down or ah'll blast ya."

Crystal burst into a fit of machine gun laughter. Not one of her courtesy laughs that she had to give some of the more important clients when they told a real sad joke but a real laugh. That was one of the reasons why she liked Johnny so much. She could always have real down-to-earth fun with him. At this time she saw the line-two light flash off. "Johnny I have to go," she said, while trying to suppress a giggle. "I'll get you through to Mister Crayton just as soon as I can." She pressed the hold button before Johnny could say anything and turned to the inter-com, "Mister Crayton, Mister Dugan on line-one."

Mister William Crayton, forty, good physical condition, successful businessman, graduate of U.C.L.A., where he majored in Business Administration, happily married family man, and reported to be well off.

"Thank you Miss Stevens." He reached over and pressed the button for line-one. "Johnny, where have you been?"

"Taking care of biz chief."

"Well look, Dan from Cardinal Aviation called to find out about his cargo. Have you found anything?"

"Yeah Bill, I found out why he called us instead of the law. He's running guns."

"That's none of our business Johnny, just find out where it is so we can get it back."

"I did, it's in a warehouse in a long Beach shipping yard."

"Great, when can you get the Lords together to get the cargo back?"

"I'll try for tonight Bill. By the way, did you hear that one of our boys was hit last night?"

"No, I didn't, what happened?"

"He was one of the new kids, got beat-up in an alley. He's at Community Hospital now."

"Hmmm, that's too bad. Why don't you keep him on the payroll if he isn't laid up for too long; if he is then just replace him."

"Uh yeah, I think so Johnny. Just take care of that cargo for me as soon as you can, okay?"

"Will do, Bill."

The night was young but dark as the full moon could only peep through the ominous rain clouds occasionally. Darell was sitting on the sofa near the window of Liz's apartment. Liz was busy sewing his name on the front of the purple jacket he had inherited along with his membership to the Lords. He sat mesmerized by the window showing only the black night and the rhythmic reflections of the flashing neon lights from down the street. Darell was remembering how happy he was when he had been accepted into the Lords. It would mean a little risk but it also meant extra

BACK ALLEY LORD - continued from the last page

money and in the low-rent district of East L.A., money meant a lot, a lot more than a little risk.

Liz's voice was soft though it sounded like a blast from a fog horn in contrast to the quiet of the apartment, shattering his thoughts and pushing him back to his present disagreeable situation with her. He looked up at her with dismay, wondering what she said.

"It is okay?" Liz repeated as she held the jacket in front of him. His name was written on the front, just over the left breast pocket with white thread, "DARRELL".

"Turn it around," he told her.

She did and again asked "Is it okay?"

Across the back of the jacket in big bold letters was written, "LORDS." He sat looking at it, succumbing to a surge of pride and a feeling of importance. He had reason for these feelings for the Lords hadn't been placed on the payroll of a fencing team because of their feebleness. On the contrary, they were a hard bunch and the strongest group in their district, which had to be the roughest district in L.A.

"Is it awright," Liz reiterated, allowing a tinge of impatience to slip into her voice.

"It's fine," he said finally and simply. Liz seemed more afraid for him than she was angry at him, as she had been trying to dissuade him from joining the Lords. She finally gave up after a short altercation and was now acting in a cold docile manner, which was characteristic of her when she had to give into something she didn't understand or care for. She handed him the jacket and walked back to the table to replace the needle and thread into a small cigar box.

He had known Liz for a little over a year and they were to be married in two months. Tonight they were going to attend Darell's initiation ceremony with the other members of the Lords. This was to be his first job and he was nervous. During the party they were to leave in a van that would be parked nearby, supplied by the fencing company, break into a warehouse, and take sixteen crates marked, "CARD-AVI." Later they would return the van to where they had found it and return to the party.

He reached into his pocket for a cigarette and fished out an empty pack. The candy store at the corner was closed but "Angelo's" on the next block would be open until ten. He wanted to get out of the apartment for a bit of fresh air, so standing up he walked over behind Liz and stood still for a moment. When she didn't turn around he said, "Liz." She didn't answer, just stood there meticulously spinning the white thread around the spool. The sweet fragrance of her freshly bathed body began to arouse him. He placed his hands on her hips and kissed the nape of her neck. She stopped winding the thread. He said, "Liz, I've made up my mind and nothing you say or do is going to change it. Now why don't you just accept that and quit being a drag. I'd like to have a good time tonight."

She turned suddenly and hugged his neck bursting into tears as if the wall she had been hiding her emotions behind had finally given way to her affection for him. He let her cry for a minute and stood there with his arms around her, feeling her warm firm breasts against his chest. They held one another in silence, listening to the torrents of drenching rain, which had begun only moments earlier.

"It's getting late," he said finally, feeling in total command. "You don't have to go to the party if you don't want to," he said, knowing full well that she did. "But I'd like you to," he added.

She loosened her hold on his neck and looked deep into his face with an expression of tender devotion and said, "I don't want you to join the Lords, Darell, but I know you're going to anyway. I guess all I can do is make the best of it."

"Good, then you go get ready and I'll go buy a pack of cigarettes from Angelo's. I'll be back in about fifteen minutes." They kissed, a slow passionate kiss as he felt the softness of her skin through the thin silky material and thought "What more could a man ask for than the love of a good woman." Then he turned and walked to the sofa; she watched him as he put on his new purple jacket, as if he were a warrior donning his armour. She called to him when he reached the door and asked, "What would you like me to wear?"

He turned and viewed her with an appreciative look, making her blush as he noticed her semi-nude form through her revealing negligee. Liz's young trim body had a radiant glow of health, afforded to her not from afternoons on tennis courts but from a life of hard work.

"Your blue dress would do fine," he said as he walked out relishing the memory of her shapely legs and how the dress accentuated her blue eyes and blond hair.

"I love you, you creap!" she called out after him as the door closed.

He descended the dusky stairs, smelling the acrid odor of cat litter, while scanning the paint chipped walls. The wooden stairs creaked under his weight and he heard the unintelligible yells of the Puerto Rican couple down the hall. Darell felt a sudden urgent need to become an aggressive member of the Lords in order to gain rank, prestige, and pay. He didn't want Liz to live in these degrading surroundings, the very same they both had grown up in. He walked out onto the small porch of the dingy building and began a brisk pace down the alley, which led to the street about one hundred and fifty feet beyond. The rain beat down on him but he seemed not to notice it as he sauntered on deep in thought. He had walked about half-way down the alley when two dark figures jumped out from behind a disarray of over-turned trash cans. He couldn't see who they were as it was dark in the alley. Each figure grabbed an arm as a third casually strolled out from behind some empty boxes and stood defiantly in front of him. Without uttering a word, the sinister looking form raised his right arm until the head was at shoulder height. There was a white object in his hand but it wasn't quite discernable in the dark and Darrel didn't know what it was until he heard that infamous click and saw the sparkle of the blade. He stood there as if struck by apoplexy as the scene hit him all at once in an explosion of understanding. The fugures, the blade, what they said, "That's for you, Lord."

But why? The Saints didn't know him and he didn't know any of the Saints. They couldn't have anything personal against him. He could feel the warm blood -- running through his fingers. He tried to move but felt fire burn through his entire body. He lay still thinking, "Liz will come looking for me in a while. All I have to do is lie still." The rain washed the fire from his body, as he laid his cheek on the cement, feeling it's coolness on his face. He could hear the swishing of tires from passing cars in the rain drenched street at the end of the alley. Just then someone came running into the alley. Darell couldn't move but could see by the light of a passing car that it was a girl holding a newspaper over her head and a guy holding her elbow. They ducked into the covered porch. Darell tried to call out but all he could manage was a moan, which was drowned out by the rain.

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BACK ALLEY LORD - continued from the last page

"Whoee, what a night," said the man as he shook the lapels of his rain coat.

"Really, I haven't seen rain like this since the floods of '68." She seemed to hesitate for just a moment and then continued. "Jim, I'd ask you up but Dad is probably home by now and you know how Dad is when I come home late," she said apologetically.

"No sweat sweetheart, so long as we still have that date for Saturday."

There was a long silence and Darell understood. Suddenly he longed for Liz. Where was Liz?

"Jim, please," the girl said.

Sure, I'm sorry, I just got a little carried away. Well look, I'm gonna split, but I'll pick you up at seven-thirty on Saturday, okay?"

"Okay Jim, thank you."

"Sure thing sweetheart, bye."

"Bye."

Darell heard the footsteps fade and the girl go inside. He was alone again and he began to feel a chill. He also felt afraid and wondered for the first time if he might die. Yes, he could die. He could if he didn't get some help real soon. HE WAS DYING. He could sense death as the cold grip of fear engulfed his mind. A drowsiness that precluded a slumber he might well never awaken from, scared him. Again he heard the words, "That's for you Lord."

"But that's it!!" he thought.

"That's for you Lord."

That was it! They hadn't said, "That's for you Darell." They didn't even know his name. They hadn't stabbed him, Darell, they had stabbed the jacket. Hate for the jacket and everything it stood for began to well up inside him. A mental picture began to tear at his jacket and was then transformed to body motion. He began to wiggle and twist and squirm. He had found the motivation to move when a moment ago he was convinced that he couldn't. Again fire ripped through his body. The excruciating pain from the slightest movement was enough to make a man black-out. But he wrestled and contorted his body until he was free of the jacket; exhausted and burning with a fever that left him a crumpled debilitated mass of flesh and bones. He was Darell again, he wasn't a Lord anymore and he no longer wanted to be. All he wanted was Liz and to be in the safeguard of her arms. "What more could a man ask for than the love of a good woman?"

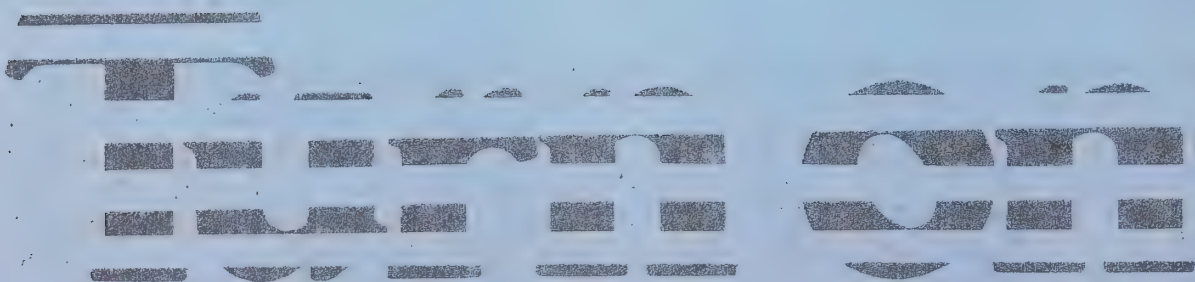
Liz had tired of waiting for Darell and had gone out to look for him. Now she stood next to the officer with no expression on her face, in a non-believing state of shock. Darell was lying on his side with his eyes open and the jacket a few feet away! The cop picked up the jacket and said, "A Lord, huh?" and began writing in his pad.

"His name was Darell," Liz said in a small voice, as a silent tear ran down her cheek.

The cop looked at her for a moment then continued writing. "his jacket says he was a Lord."

"His name was Darell."

Johnny was pulling his Porche into the parking lot of his office building as a newsman was announcing the gang slaying of a youth in East L.A. "So that's why the new kid didn't show up last night," Johnny thought out loud. He finished parking and got out. He stood there a moment wondering who the kid was. Then he shook his head in a sad gesture and walked off, making a mental note to mention to Bill that they should try to do something about these gang squabbles. It just didn't look good.



EXTRA SPECIAL * YOUR PERSONAL HOROSCOPE

AQUARIUS January 20, to February 18.

You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand you are inclined to be careless and impractical causing you to make the same mistakes over and over again. People think that you are stupid.

PISCES February 19, to March 20.

You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the RCMP. You have minor influences over your associates and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people do terrible things to small animals.

TAURUS April 20, to May 20.

You are peaceful and persistent. You have dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bull-headed. You are a communist.

ARIES March 21, to April 19.

You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient, and scornful of advice. You are usually a jack of all trades because you can't hold a job. You are not nice.

GEMINI May 21, to June 20.

You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bi-sexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are cheap. Geminis are known for committing incest.

CANCER June 21, to July 22.

You are sympathetic and understanding of other's problems. They think that you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That's why you never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are cancer people.

LEO July 23, to August 22.

You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo people are bullies. You are vain and dislike criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people steal a lot.

VIRGO August 23, to September 22.

You have a logical mind and hate disorder. This nit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos make excellent Bus-Drivers.

LIBRA September 23, to October 22.

You are the artistic type and have difficulty with reality. If you are a man you more than likely will be queer. Chances for employment and monetary gains are excellent. Most Libra women are good prostitutes. All Libra people die of venereal disease.

continued on the next page

YOUR PERSONAL HOROSCOPE CONTINUED * IF YOU DON'T FIND YOUR SIGN -
Then obviously, you weren't born.

SCORPIO October 23, to November 21.

You are schrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your absence of business ethics. Most Scorpio's are murdered.

SAGGITTARIUS November 22, to December 21.

You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck because you lack talent. The majority of Saggittarius -- people are drunks and dope fiends. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN December 23, to January 19.

You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You don't do much of anything and are lazy. There never has been a Capricorn that has done anything important. Capricorns should avoid standing still to long because they often take root and become trees.

MORE NEXT MONTH



C'EST LA INCENSE, DE L'AMOUR

Translated from - Black Arts
Dimy Rothchild - Circa - 6969

This recipe is only to be used with the greatest caution. It will attract any other male to the performer. He must exercise extreme caution in that the user may attract the wrong type of male and find the positions - the ones he desired - reversed.

- 1 part vervain herb (vervene) (finely reduced)
- 1 part wormwood herb (finely reduced)
- 1 part powdered sandalwood, lignum aloes.
- 1 part dittanty of Crete (finely reduced)
- 1 part gum Benjamin (benzion)
- 1 part money or other valueables
- 1 flashy car and/or nice clothes
- 1 dab of TIC

Moisten with a few drops:
pure olive oil, red wine
honey, the operators blood.

Blend all these ingredients together on a Friday when the moon is waxing, leaving them to steep over night. Add extra herbs to make up a dry consistency if necessary.

NOTE: Shortly after our Editor started the above shenanigans, two officers were seen trying to remove his pink fibre-glass witch's bathtub from his cell. The next day both of them were caught robbing a bank. BE-WEAR -- Co-Ed.

CROSS

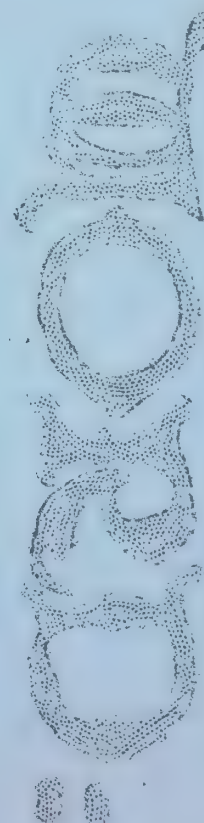
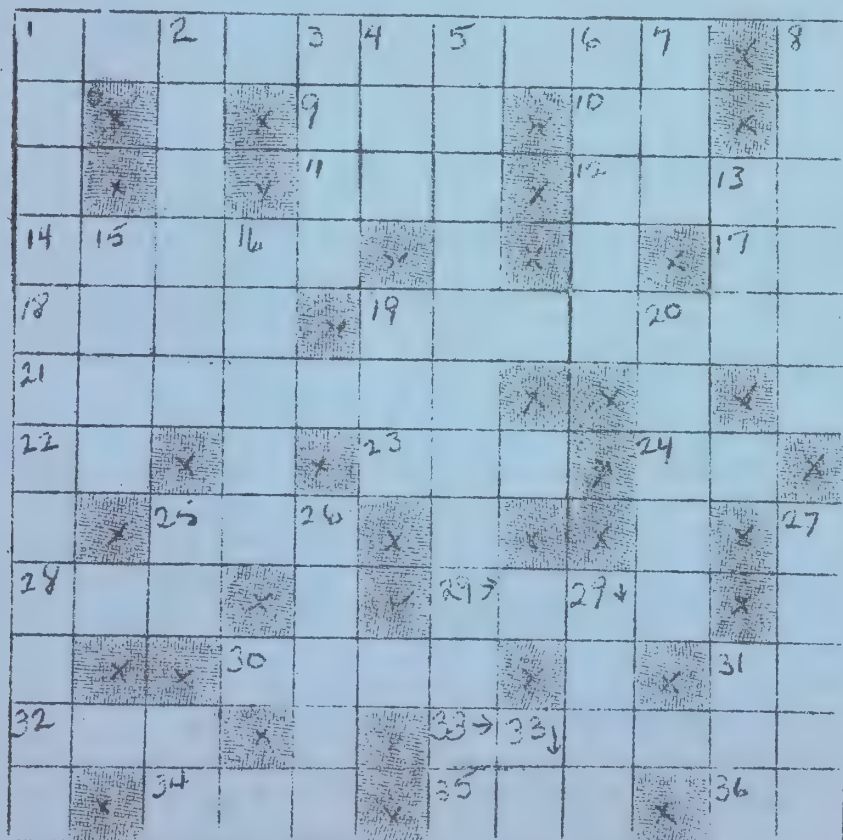
ACROSS:

1. Woman that takes hot property back to the store
9. She
10. Independant loaders
11. Girl's name
12. Something used after a bath
14. Some make --- out of themselves
17. All right
18. Tiny portions
19. Deflamnitory name
21. Can get it out (two words)
22. Girl's nickname
23. Type of explosive
24. Negative response
25. Girls name, or underground guerilla army in Ireland
28. end of object
29. instrument used to assist lame
30. Derogatory word for youth
31. Mexican affirmative, misspelled
32. Type of cat
33. Type of Chapstick - Brand name
34. Talk incessantly
35. Girl's name

36. Abrev. for street

DOWN:

1. They send to prison to do this to the person
2. To steal
4. On the bottom of a dress
5. Type of weapon used in street fighting
6. Foul mouth woman
7. Woman's name
8. A person that is taken easily
13. Lords of London
15. Correct - American spelling
16. Woman's name
19. He is a bad - - - or
20. Measurement for dope
25. International Press
26. Fast drink, two words
27. Small quantity of grass
29. Back of the neck
31. Call for help
33. Get them in the hospital



MAKING OUT: SUNDAY

by; John Ettinger

SUNDAYS ARE ALWAYS ROUGH. AS USUAL, EDDIE WASN'T FRUGAL ENOUGH TO PUT A little taste aside from the last bundle or any extra cash for cab fare. So, if there was anything available, it would be a bitch finding the connection, as they too spend Sunday with the family, just like all good citizens. With all this in mind he descended into the People's convenience for the ride uptown; determined not to endure a sick Sunday. Eddie admired the quality of the multi-colored, grafitti covered train as it pulled into the station -- he wondered why the cops spent so much time and energy attempting, however lamely, to bust the subway artists. After all, the kids were beautifying the city and gave tourists something to tell the folks about back in Sioux City. He'd heard that a prestigious art school in Boston has awarded several scholarships to some of the "writers," as the grafittists refer to themselves. One of the boys was interviewed by a local newsman, who asked, "Now that you have the scholarship, how do you like working on canvas as opposed to subway cars?"

The youth replied, "I like deh canvas beddeh, cause now I don' hafta worry 'bout deh Man chasin' me, an' I can concentrate beddeh".

When he surfaced uptown, his attenae were poised and ready as he was now in "their" territory. He quickly ran through a mental security check and battle plan. However, he hadn't armed himself, as he didn't own a pistol and a gravity knife is no maych for a Harlem cowboy who thinks he's Jesse James. Best to just be careful and rely on street-sense. "Jeez, I must stick out like an Eskimo in Hell, everyone and his uncle must know why I'm here -- I certainly don't come up here 'cause the fried chicken and ribs are so good." He usually thought this on his trips uptown but he always returned. Eddie knew from instinct and experience that the situation warranted acting super cool and on guard at all times from a possible two-pronged attack; some dude more strung out than himself and desperate to take someone off, and, of course, The Man.

He made it over to the Avenue to find the sugar fly type he'd been copping from the past few weeks. At times like this he wished all these leather-clad guys didn't look so much alike. He knew he had to be wary and couldn't just approach anyone. "Shit, half of 'em think I'm The Man, and the other half are stone beat artists, swearing on their mother the stuff is a smoker, or at the very least righteous, with their usual rap '....be careful when you do this, my man....!' -- Yeah sure, Jack!"

His gut began giving him that certain special signal; now is the time, which prompted a frenetic search of the neighborhood. Several tours of the area proved fruitless, and Eddie was tempted to pack it in. Momentarily, just for an instant, he caught himself wondering if it's all worth it, but the urge to get high quickly dispersed these thoughts, as he spotted Candy Man slipping from the bar across the street.

Candy Man is a slender, black man in his 30's though at times he may look older and act younger. He has a Chameleon-like face which adapts itself to an appropriate mood or situation. His smile reveals one gold tooth acquired in his youth, but he now considers it strictly "country". Candy Man comes packaged in a three-quarter length leather jacket and co-ordinated suede cap. There is one incongruous

MAKING OUT: SUNDAY continued from the last page

element to his attire; black low cut sneakers. He is the epitome of the street-wise ghetto hustler, cool, smooth, and bold. So, Eddie slides over to him as cool as can be, but few words are exchanged as one would expect from friends meeting by chance in the street. The well rehearsed script calls for Eddie to wait in the bar and nurse a drink while Candy Man goes round the corner to pick up.

The bar is a hip spade joint, with not much light, but plenty of sound and activity. On the wall behind the bar is a zodiac poster with a couple depicted in various sexual postures and unions, to accompany the twelve signs. Working the bar is Margueritte, the owner's daughter, a foxy light skinned chick in her late 20's. She mixes Eddie his usual prop, V.O. and soda, shoots him a "how ya doin'," doesn't wait for a reply, and splits to the end of the bar to be near the juke box. Two teenage girls are dancing to Al Green blasting from the box. Eddie sips at his drink and contemplates the girls' asses, which are classic specimens. They seem to be going every which way and Eddie's thoughts drift off on a tangent, as to how spade chicks' behinds stick out and up in such an appealing and functional way. Meanwhile in the back, J. D., the owner and several regulars are discussing their personal theories on playing the numbers. J. D. prefers to scan the newspapers for statistics on plane crashes and holiday death tolls on the nation's highways. Some of the other men adhere to the standard methods, birthdays, anniversaries, or license plate numerals. J. D. digs relating the tale of when a jumbo jet went down right in the middle of Brooklyn and half the neighborhood played 136 -- the number of fatalities. The number hit and several local bankers nearly went broke because of the tragedy. For a few moments the performance of the younger dudes, jiving and sounding one another over a game of eight-ball holds Eddie's attention, but, time drags -- he knows though -- first thing you learn is that you always got to wait. There's still no sign of Candy Man so he has another drink; it doesn't do his stomach much good but helps take the edge off. An hour and a half go by and finally, Candy Man bops back into the bar and is really pinned, stoned to the bone. He gives Eddie a quick nod and they slip into Candy Man's "office," to take care of business. The exchange is made quickly by deft hands conditioned to this particular motion. Eddie doesn't bother asking if it's the same stuff Candy Man just did -- he knows the script -- "...it's a smoker, be cool...."

Now, it's time to move. Going back downtown, Eddie feels better already, knowing the tight little bundle is safe in his pocket. When he returns to his place and starts preparing for the ritual, he's just like a kid on Christmas morning opening his presents. This particular Sunday had been a success -- the ritual was completed -- Eddie's straight -- the foray into hostile foreign territory was rather ordinary and uneventful. He can sit back, light up a cigarette, feel satisfied and look forward to the next performance.....On Monday!

***** the end.....

A LOT OF....Pedro was a confirmed boaster and he was always telling his brother, Pancho, about his upcoming deals. "Pancho," Pedro said "I think I'll ship 100 bools to the big fight in Mexico City."

Pancho had heard it all before and didn't even bother replying. Pedro tried again. "Pancho," he said, "I will even ship 200 of them bools to the ring in Mexico City. What do you think of that?" Said Pancho, "I think you are one bif bool shipper."

The Unabashed Dictionary defines 'exhibitionist' as a fellow who wants to make one thing perfectly clear.

RECIDIVISM

by: ED

Is society really concerned about the fact that almost every man or women that came to jail for an offence contrary to the laws of society will be back again, yes, almost all felons are repeaters. Worse yet, the progression from serious to more serious crimes at every repeat performance.

Why do men get caught up in the obviously vicious circle of recidivism? I think that the main answer is plainly written in bold type and lies right within the present structure of the prison system. I would like to propose that the main reasons for this are:

- A. Men are sent to prison and after years of incarceration, are turned loose into society with no money, and in many cases with no loved ones to encourage them.
- B. Men see the injustices of our society. A society that protects the rich and gives them unlimited access to superb legal council when they get into trouble. The very key to the finest legal council is MONEY.
- C. Men also see the injustice of police officers killing people. Then the officer is not punished yet a person may be sent to prison for impaired driving if he is on parole. Or, he just gets a bad shake in court.

Can you believe it? Being sent to prison for drunk driving although no one was hurt. Yet policemen can murder a fleeing suspect. A suspect that had committed a petty crime, in many cases may not have even committed a crime then but some time previously. I did not know that car theft carried the death penalty. Recent developments show that car theft carried the death penalty, even if you are sixteen and this was the first offence. Also a policeman may inflict as much restraint as is necessary to restrain. So a man's arm may be torn off for resisting arrest on a drunk charge, that is if he isn't shot first. Now I would like to put forward possible answers to these gross injustices that I have briefly outlined to you:

I. If men are to be successfully treated then the ills must be cured before we can hold to grasp a solution. Men should not be sent out of prison with no money, no clothes, or no place to go. Civilian industries should be permitted to set up factories within the prison's walls and thus hire convicts. They should pay the man the same as he would receive were he to be doing the same job in free society. In this way the man may save up money and when he gets out he won't have to steal. He won't be forced to rob to get on his feet. He will have money to support his family while he was in prison, and money to start afresh when he is released. He will also be better suited for release in that he has learned working habits and responsibility while at the prison.

II. Instead of the rich being able to hire big-shot legal beavers for attorneys, they too should be represented by public defenders. All SHOULD BE TREATED EQUALLY. Hearst is able to spend a million dollars on a defence lawyer. He can play all of the angles. Attorneys could be registered with the court and then they could have a draw to determine who will represent who. Attorneys would be subject to losing their practice should they hire-out or take payola on the side. This, regretfully is the only way to insure that all are treated equally. The courts could finance this type of legal system by taxing those that use its service. That is that payments would be made in comparison to the persons ability to pay. The government should have to pay

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AM I REALLY?

TO THE GROOM

The moment of truth
Is now at hand,
As on her finger
You place the band.
The vows you make
Must be from your heart,
Make no mistake
About that part.
For if your love
Is really true,
There's nothing that you
And she can't do.
No mountain exists
That you can't climb,
No river that you
Can't cross,
If but you'll remember
All of the time
To let her think
She's boss.

by: Glenn Newitt

You hold a man too long
And force him into wrong
So rather than sit and cry
I'm going to make one last try

by: Hiya-Hiya

Poems on this page from Menard Time.

A.A. CHAIRMAN'S REPORT - BILL MITCHELL

Ain't much,
But I'm all I got.

My name is, Bill Mitchell, and I am an alcoholic. How the truth rings loud and clear.

It is very true for one to have to accept and have the courage to change but then what is truth anyway? Truth is what I used to be like: what happened to me, and what I am like now. It is a story of how I came to be willing to go to any length to get the proverbial "John Barleycorn!" I might add that admittance is acceptance:

To admitt you lost is to win,
To fight the problem is to lose.

I have come to realize that I once knew the truth of the small word called FEAR. Because it always lived with me, day in and day out, until I Came to A.A. This short word FEAR somehow touched every aspect of my life. I think that FEAR OUGHT TO BE CLASSED WITH STEALING because it surely caused me more trouble than I could handle.

ALCOHOL has a dominating factor; it somehow literally forces us to be attracted to it because when you don't have a drink, you wish you had one; and if you go to sleep without a drink you dream that you had one. So, if this is someone you know, see you at the meetings. They are held TUESDAY & FRIDAY-evenings at 6:30 p.m. If you don't like it, and don't want anything to do with it, I will refund your money to you and you can go right on your way.

A.A. FROM AN OUTSIDER

WENT TO ONE MEETING

I went to an A.A. meeting the other night. It was a long time ago that I had been. That was 12 or 13 years past. In them days I didn't even drink. My kid brother and I just went to laugh at the drunks. It was good back in them days. Those drunks were funny too. We laughed for a week about them all getting up and snivelling. My name is, and I'm an. Well, we had better things to do. Steal for one. Those were the good old days. Well. I've stool some since, and I've had a few drinks too. I see things a little different now than I did then. I still don't see myself as an alcoholic. Alcohol has kept me out of trouble. When I drink, I get to feeling sleepy and go to bed. I don't steal when I am drinking, I save that for when I am sober. But a point did come to me. Sitting there, in the alcoholics room, I looked around to see who was there and where were all the old faces. There were a couple of old-faithfuls, but most of them weren't around. I thought maybe they just didn't come anymore so I checked out to see where these people had gone. I started asking around and got a fix on some of them. It turns out that some of them are on the street. They used to be serious drunks too. Never heard one of them say that I lost my job after I started drinking, to heavy, hell, they could have never held a job in the first place because that would have interfered with their drinking to much. They were full time drunks and didn't have any time for such foolish thoughts as a job. Well, they are out now. They have been out for quite a while. Maybe there is some benifit in the A.A. program for drunks.

A PROPHECY IS BORN

fiction by: M. Likakur

PART I

Each individual in his own way reacts against evolution. Organizations that structure themselves in the ways of the men they serve do not serve other races and tribes for each man has been taught that his way is best for it is the way of his people and it has been good. From the different factions of man come the different traditions. To the average person these traditions are not very important until they have been challenged. The challenge is then taken up.

Earth has many names, dependant on the different segment of the population that is doing the naming. The national belief of the Indian people in the Spiritual form of the Great Spirit comes from his simple contact - earth. The most basic belief of the Indian People is that growth comes from the rotating vortices of the elemental heavens. The rotating matter causes and has caused for all time. Thus Mother Nature or Earth has given the Indian as education on spiritual growth and on living matter.

Earth has clothed her body with life-filled beauty. Indians have feasted on the gifts that she offered them. Earth cleanses her body with rain and wraps herself in a blanket of darkness each night. The stars offer comfort and show all is at peace. In the morning the sun lit her eyes so that man may see where his path is to lead. The rays of the sun bring the spirit into the body and the warmth of the spirit is felt deep within. The body and the spirit are given birth, grow, and aged unto death as part of the growing cycle.

In the spring Mother Earth cried, wept: spread huge raindrops as the farmers blackened her dress with the plow and furrowed her belly. Her scars stood out for all to see. Mother Earth felt herself fenced in, circled by the sharp barbs of wire and gashes of poles and it hurt her to see the pollution of man destroy her beauty. And man went on, powered by greed to chase down all wildlife. The spiritual freedom of earth caused by the rotation was marred by her going to grief for the starvation, and her soils were overtrod with too many people.

In the fall, Mother Earth grew ill with worry and lost faith in her children's greed. Her beauty turned to gold and then died as she stared, shocked at the behavior of man. Her tenderness of heart grew cold as she watched the ambitions of man towards other man. Her sorrows were deepened by wars and death, and more wars and needless death. The number grew, so high that she could no longer count that much. The pulse of life became extinct and man wondered if he would follow Mother Earth into oblivion. Man wondered, some had respect: others great fear, and yet - other prayed for Mother to return her warmth and tender love. Mother listened but she was not convinced that man was really repentant and she grew even colder. She withdrew herself from her lover, the sun, for her shame was seen in his blinding sight.

In the winter Mother's heart went cold and her tears turned into snowflakes. Her anger blew forth in Northern Blasts that chilled the heart

continued on the next page

continued from the last page A PROPHECY IS BORN

of even the sternest of men. Blizzards sent chills and warnings through the hearts of man. Mother knew not of nuclear blasts but she felt man's evil touch. She feared for man, but also for her own continued existence. AHHH, but Mother is a Woman, she looses her anger. She has a seasoning period and she begins to revolve closer to her lover, the sun. Then her heart is warmed and her anger begins to fade. She begins to feel his joy and once again becomes happy and gives forth her love. The spring is born. And with spring comes another chance for man. A chance to start afresh. To rejoice once more in Mother's beauty and revel in her gayety.

PART II - MISSION BRAVES

In the year 1999, just before the turn of the twenty-first century, the United Chiefs assembled and discussed a space probe. There was much debate and negotiations went on and on, late into the night. These were troubled times. Mothers covering had been ruined and man's hate towards, his fellow man had grown even more. It was finally resolved that a drastic move must be made. It was resolved to establish a special core made up of undesirables and they could take the mission out, out, out into nowhere. They would be prisoners, thus the lose would not be that significant. The bureaucrats were not concerned about their fate. Their people feared for them, but the service that could be rendered was far greater than the risks they must take.

THE MISSION: To journey forth into space and to search for a place where other men lived. To access if this place was suitable, that is that man had not developed to the same point of inter racial strife that he had on earth. If man had not then the assignment to develop a peaceful relationship with these people. To find, in simple language, The Happy Hunting Grounds.

In May of 1998 it had been brought to the attention of the Chiefs of the International Brotherhood of 'North and South' American Indians that the living conditions on earth had deteriorated to such a point that it was improbable that man would survive more than another century at the current rate. People had in part, become accustomed to living in dome and travelling underground in long tunnels was troublesome but possible. However, there were great problems developing with the autoplans - that shot back and forth in these tunnels. They were giving off too much ozone and life was beginning to mutate. Just thirty years previously, man had feared that ozone would deplete and the ultra-violet rays would seep through the atmospheric layer. That prediction had been right. And thus, man had had to build the domed structures to protect himself, from his own technology. Now, the whole process was being reversed but this time man had already trapped himself inside the domes, often referred to as domed structures. Radioactive fall-out made outside travel for anything but the shortest trips very dangerous. The Indian people were housed in smaller domed structures on the Outs-Kirts of the larger domes and it was felt by the internal government that since these domes were much smaller, they were less important and that the monies of the gover-

continued from the last page A PROPHECY IS BORN

ment could be better spent on the inner, bigger structures. For this reason the Outs - Kirts were beginning to deteriorate and there was no talk of Urban Renewal as there had been two decades previously.

The chiefs concluded that the situation could only grow worse and that it would be better to do something while the chance still existed than to wait until things became so desperate that no involved actions could even be contemplated. Already signs of apathy and listlessness and inertia were so prevalent that the people no longer strove for anything, they ate, slept and did little more.

The chiefs were very concerned because they saw that this could go on no longer because then nothing could be done at all. No one would be willing to do anything. Thus after consideration of the facts, the decision was made to implement Project: Mission Braves. It hurt the Chiefs to think that they must condemn their fellow man to the outreaches of space but it was their only hope. If the action was not taken the whole race would be condemned. With many prayers the plans were laid and the plan started. For as bad a fate that awaited all if none was sent, surely, it was much better than the fate that awaited all if none sent. So under this dilemma the chiefs had made their decision and the project, began. The space ship had to be built and readied for a flight that may last longer than some of the crew's life. It must be equipped to handle all of the unseen dangers of space. It must be readied so that it would be able to make the voyage a success for if the voyage failed, so did the Indians people, and all of mankind close behind them.

PART III WILL APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF OFF THE WALL
BE SURE TO LOOK FOR IT: THE TAKE OFF OF THE RUBBER DUCK!

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WHO AM I?

by: Whitey Thornton

I am in your fields of green and gold;
I am in the hearts of young and old;
I am with you when your nights are cold;
I am of the stories that you have told.

I am the cup from which you drink;
I am the things of which you think;
I am the bed in which you sink;
I am as precious as you mink.

I am on the shelves of your mind;
I am the one you seek to find;
When someone has been unkind;
It's then you know you're really mine!

Note: Mr. Thornton sent the above poem all the way from Ontario. He is married to a lovely girl named Linda, and has an even lovelier baby named Carrie. Thank you, friend. You're a real poet.

in-mates



"DEEP WITHIN EACH OF YOU IS GREAT HUMANITY."

by: Marion Ryerson
916 Adelaide North #7
London, Ontario.

I sit here very early in the morning with my mind and heart aching with thoughts of the totalitarian penal systems of the municipal, provincial and federal governments.

Outside of having two people I love very much in federal prison, I am deeply concerned with ALL inmates in the "correctional" system.

I think there has to be another answer than the undignified, humiliating experience of punitive incarceration --- not only for the inmates, but also for the families of inmates as well as the staff of the institutions who also are very much brutalized and affected by the degradation of the system.

As in anything else, one has to realize that the uneducated public at large and the courts of the land (as well as government officials), find it extremely difficult to see inmates as human beings, most of whom for the most part are victims of an uncaring dissociated, alienated society from childhood and one does not have to look too far to realize that given the right set of circumstances, the most important one being the lack of the love of just one person throughout or guide him or her through the jungle of modern society, that you or I

page 50 continued on the next page

Deep Within Each of You is Great Humanity - continued from last page

could well have been in prison.

Deep within each of you is great humanity. Picture yourself in a world where no-one cares; where in your early years, with abundance all around you, you had to steal to eat and physically to fight, to survive. You could come from a poverty-stricken home where the claws of poverty dig deep into your parents or their hearts and hopelessness and worry drowns everything else out of your home, including the most important necessity of all -- LOVE. Lack of education walks hand-in-hand with tragedy of this kind.

Certainly not everyone who is incarcerated has grown up in such an atmosphere, but other environments produce the same result. Too much materialism can produce it too. Sub - cultures abound in all levels of our society. In order to have the feeling of belonging, to escape the alienation, many of them turn to drugs or alcohol in order to leave the apparent self-destruction of today's world, only to find themselves, people of all ages, even children behind bars, where even greater hopelessness descends over them because of the isolation from society.

Loss of freedom of movement, it the punishment of all punishments. To be locked up in an atmosphere of complete oppression, makes animals of human beings because the loss of dignity will affect any human exactly like that. Imagine, if you can, what it would be like to spend much of your time locked in a cell 5' x 8' containing a fold-away cot, a lidless toilet, sink, earphones, all under constant surveillance and suspicion at all times, surrounded by walls 30'tall with guards bristling with weapons ready to inflict capital punishment if the need arises. It takes little imagination to realize that as degrading as it is for the inmates, a lot of it rubs off on the staff as well. Most of them are decent people, but because of their role and the uniform they wear, they become pawns of hatred. They represent oppression, and of course, with rare exception, because of their role as keepers of the human zoo, they are hated and hate in return. There can only be one result; WAR!

The present system is breeding contempt, hatred, and violence simply because of the loss of human dignity on both sides of the problem. Society pays both the price of the zoo and the blood for the anger, hate and contempt created behind prison walls, then dumped into its midst. With new laws (except for abolition) being passed because of an uniformed and/or misinformed public, along with the political salt stirred into the pot, the prison system is guaranteed to erupt in violence unheard of in the past. The shock waves of that violence will roll over the nation like a tidal wave, because those laws are far harsher than the harshness of past laws which have already filled our streets and prisons with hatred, crime and death.

There are few prisoners who would not QUICKLY respond if treated as human beings, given respect, thus gaining self-respect, thus giving respect, if they were in a more humane surrounding, run by, better trained, better-paid and more humane people. Anyone who visits its prison and really takes a close look at it will have to agree. One of the problems, however, is that we are very seldom ALLOWED to visit our prisons.

Most "crimes against society", whether they are victimless or victim-inflicted, are a reenactment of what had been done to the prisoner, sometimes years before he or she strikes out at society. To matters even more horrible, when the "offender" is released, they are seldom forgiven but pay for the rest of their lives and many times over for what brought them to prison in the first place. When "crimes" have been paid for, in my opinion, all record of it should be wiped out and in case of subsequent crime, the individual should not have to pay again and again for what he has already paid for. Idealistic - No! Just common sense!

The inmates' families also pay a harsh price. The denial of any kind of normalcy in their lives; the rearing of children alone, stigmatized economically and socially as well as emotionally by society; the harshness and rigidity of the prison visiting "privilege?"; the dignity denied them as well as the inmates, inevitably this group will produce a high percentage of future "criminals" -- the evidence, of injustice prevades their very beings! What more can be expected?

Stiff sentences accomplish nothing except to breed more contempt for "society". Brutalization creates brutalization.

One solution may well be to design the system along the lines of a hospital, permitting daily work to support families, the upgrading of education and job skills, permitting inmates to be near the location of their families; to have a certain amount of true family life; to at least be allowed the dignity due all men, "criminals" included.

Few marriages stand up under the present system of isolation and alienation. Give a man dignity, you give him life and very little future problem to society. Give him the lack of dignity and like a runaway cancer, it spreads into all corners of society.

Look carefully into the school system, the pre-school population. Tomorrow's "criminals" are evident everywhere. Look at them: they're on the corner sniffing glue while their "parents" are out partying or sharing each other. Nowhere near enough money is being spent to try to recognize, correct or help the unloved, yes, even the unloved SPOILED children, who are emotionally and economically deprived; the battered child, many of who are not recognized or are simply being ignored, will repay the future with crime against society, themselves, THEIR, ad-finem.

The penal system is full of children in adult bodies who rarely are helped to understand themselves and the world around them. Of course, given the same surroundings of the relentlessly humiliating circumstances of the present system, these child-adults will perpetuate the crimes enacted against them, enacting their hostilities against society generally. And on it goes.

If enough people, enough organization who care, deluge Ottawa with mail; if people band together, a political force would rapidly grow and force these changes that MUST be made in order to slow down

Deep Within Each of You is Great Humanity + continued from last page.

dramatically the rapid increase in crime which not too far in the future will closely parallel the United States which long ago took the path the Canadian Government has chosen to take. No one will be safe anywhere. It will HAPPEN in Canada, in your town, in your city, in your province, unless changes are made quickly.

If you belong to any organization of any kind, enlist their support. We ARE our brother's keeper. If you do care, DO SOMETHING about it. If you don't, you are as guilty as the prison bureaucrats and others who constantly apply a long-proven failure. You CAN do something. Write those in power as well as the opposition. If you need help, write to me and we will do it together. I care - - you care - - that's all it takes.

Write individual letters with individual signatures and all you can find. Send them to parliament. It doesn't matter how or what you do, as long as you do it. Remember, no postage is necessary to Members of Parliament.

YOU CAN DO SOMETHING!

Marion Ryerson
916 Adelaide North #7
London, Ontario.

THOUGHTS ON MANDATORY PAROLE

by: M. Likakur

A Judge once told me that I was a fool to defend myself. At that time he appointed a court lawyer to act in my defense. That made me a bigger fool. The Judge got the credit for appointing me a lawyer and making sure that my rights had been upheld, the lawyer got the three hundred dollar fee from the government and I got three years. Then, when I went to the pen, the government got back it's three hundred dollars in free labour. This may not seem to bad but I had a little advantage going for me in the court room. The victim said that I had nothing to do with the crime; had this been an American court I might have got off, but in Canada, where justice is supreme, I got a light sentence instead.

I have read and heard a lot on the Mandatory Parole Act. A lot of people talk about how it can be beat. However, as you know, the parole system, is very hard to beat. One or two cons may go up and win in court - Those that follow are not so fortunate. The groundwork has been laid for the government to make the law harder to get around. Allow one or two to go free so that it will be easier to hold the rest.

When I first entered the Penitentiary in 1965 there was no such thing as mandatory parole. That is the way that it should have remained. Mandatory is just another form of torture. It allows the parole board to extend the natural sentence imposed by the judge almost indefinitely. For all intents and purposes the convicts can be forced to re-serve a sentence that has already been served.

There can be no justice in this form of modified justice. The law-and-continued on the next page

THOUGHTS ON MANDATORY - continued from the last page

order freaks claim that this offers better control of the criminal element. It also increases the rate of return to prison, which, in many cases involves ex-cons who have committed no new offense. Their only crime may be the inability to get along with the individual parole supervisor that has been assigned to them. I would think that a convicted person - endures sufficient punishment while serving his sentence, in other words, he has paid his debt. But the whole Canadian system has gone on the new credit system. Finance this, finance that. Buy now and pay for the rest of your natural life. This also holds true on criminal justice system. Go to prison, do not pass go, and for God's sake, do not expect to be ever even with society cause you shall have to pay for the rest of your life.

With a more justified system of justice, one of truth, that no man or woman is superior to; with a more logical alternative to punishment, the present system could be antiquated and put in it's proper place; the municipal dump. A group of scholars in Washington released alternatives that in the opinion of the group, would act more towards the rehabilitation of offenders. They proposed three types of punishment: 1) For minor crimes and first offences the defendant is reprimanded or scolded by the court, given a warning, and released unconditionally without further supervision. 2) Intermittant confinement, such as serving week-ends for several weeks or months, as long as the accused has shown that there is no threat of violence or brutal behavior in his criminal activities. 3) Prison sentences of up to Five Years for "intentionally and unprovoked crimes of violence that cause or are likely to cause grave bodily injury be punished, not because of the hope of rehabilitation, but primarily because he deserves it.

To date, the law has not worked. It does not protect society, it appears to do more damage than it averts. Consequently, vast changes must be made. These changes must challenge the whole accepted concept of Justice.

by: M. Likakur.

BE SURE TO WATCH FOR: RUBBER DUCK - IN NEXT MONTH'S
ISSUE. CONTINUEING FICTION!

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A gorgeous young lady had finished her first driving lesson and her instructor complimented her, "I must say, you handled that like a veteran!"

"How", was her blushing response, "would you know how I handle a vetr'n?"

* * * * *

"So, when she told me that she was through taking the pill, I told her - that I was taking a powder!"

"What do you mean - seconds or I'll squeal - you are my husband dummy!!!"

Lady Cop talking to Tough Cop - "Yeah, I got him to talk - he said ooohh aaggghhhh, mmmmmmm....."

"Please Donald, I know that we are married and all....but I want to leave all that sex and stuff in my sordid past."

ELITOR'S NOTE: We make no apologies for spelling and punctuation mistakes. We report news and views - not give English Lessons.



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